THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CIII.—No. 1340

AUGUST 21, 1929

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The essential points applying to Baby's Food are quoted below:—

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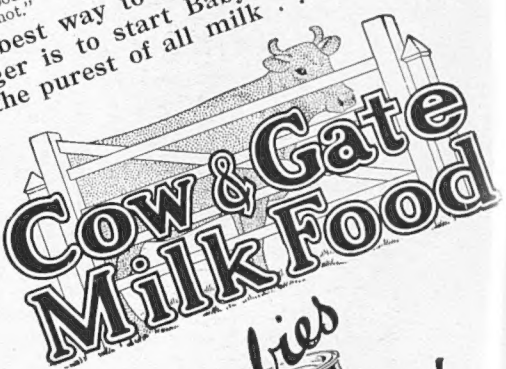
The best way to completely avoid this danger is to start Baby here and now on the purest of all milk . . . . that is



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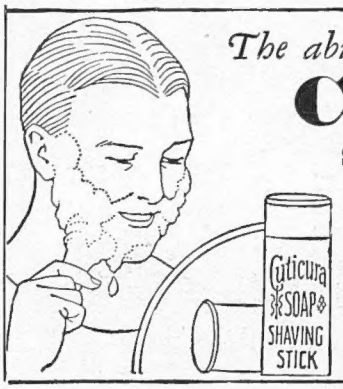

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The Bystander, August 21, 1929

the BYSTANDER

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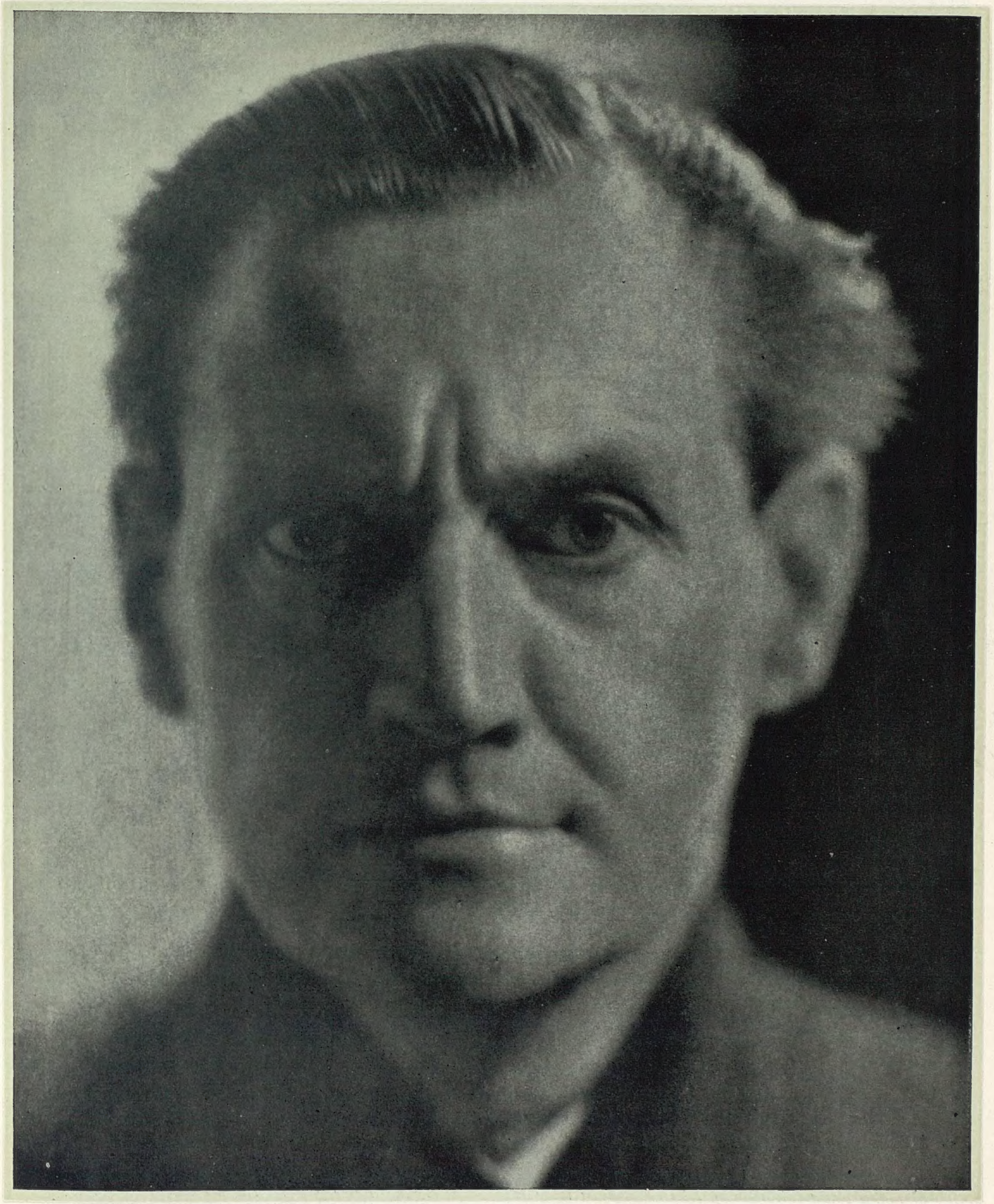


BYSTANDER Copyright

Special Photograph by Howard Coster

HENRY AINLEY

Who has made a triumphant return to the stage after a long absence through illness. He is playing in "The First Mrs. Fraser," St. John Ervine's sparkling comedy at the Haymarket, and will be seen and heard on the talkies in the not far distant future

SUMMER ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR

H. W. Nicholls

A panoramic view of Nice in summer taken from Mont Boron. Every year the summer season on the Riviera is gaining in popularity, and more and more visitors are to be found disporting themselves under the blue Mediterranean skies by day and in the ballrooms and casinos of the Côte d'Azur by night

Topical Press

Lady Victoria Haig and Mr. Claud Montagu-Douglas-Scott leaving the Parish Church at Mertoun after their wedding. The bridegroom, who is a nephew of the Duke of Buccleuch, is a Lieutenant on the Reserve of the Irish Guards

The Passing Hour

Prime Minister's American Visit

I LEARN that the Prime Minister is leaving this country for America, in order to discuss the question of naval disarmament with the President of the United States, on September 28. He will sail on the Berengaria. This visit to Washington was decided upon some time ago, but there were several reasons why no definite date could be announced. For one thing, President Hoover is absent from Washington during the hot weather, and in August Mr. MacDonald has had to remain in this country for the Reparations Conference. In early September he goes to Geneva for the League Assembly; consequently the end of next month is the only opportunity for this meeting.

Mr. Snowden's Stand for England

SPECTACLE extraordinary to witness Mr. Snowden in the *rôle* of Galahad breaking a lance in the cause of Britannia, for whom he had nothing but abuse during the War, his militant pacifism even turning the Socialists of Blackburn against him in the first post-War election. Let us bury the past, however, in congratulation for his financial stand at The Hague. Starting with Mr. Baldwin's calamitous settlement of the American Debt, succeeding Chancellors of the Exchequer have continued to make us the payboy of the Western World. Now, after grinning up their sleeves at our financial pusillanimity for the past ten years, the foreigner begins to squeal because we are not prepared to sacrifice two and a half millions a year in Reparations that their receipts be proportionately increased. The Labour Party's Egyptian blunder is temporarily forgotten in Mr. Snowden's unexpectedly fine achievement, though if this great success is maintained by the Party in other directions any advantage he wins on the Young Plan may be dear at the price of a returned Socialist majority!

Photopress

Lady Victoria Haig, the second daughter of the late Field-Marshal Lord Haig and of Lady Haig, in her wedding gown. The bouquet of lilies which she is carrying was presented to her by the ex-Service men who are working in the Haig Poppy factories

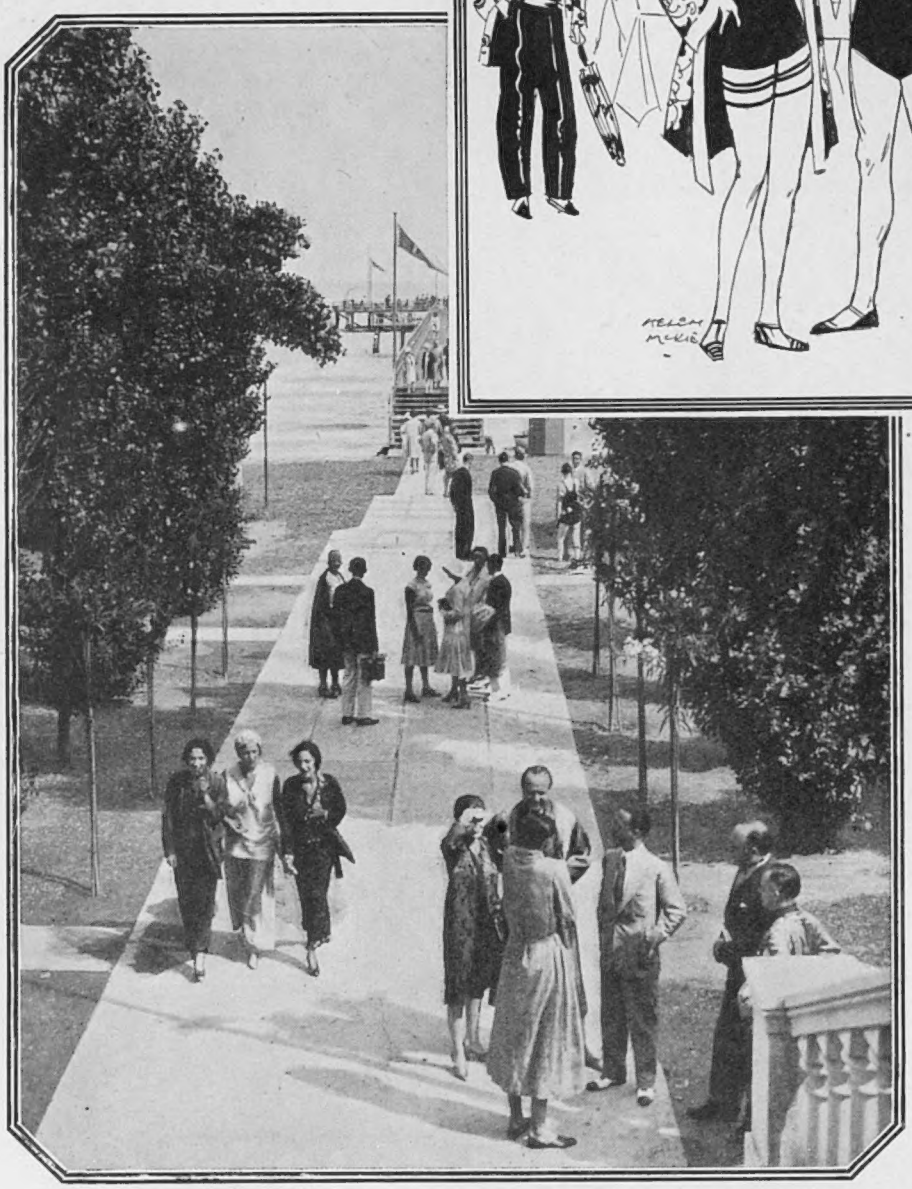
PLAY-TIME ON THE LIDO

Lovers' Knots for Light Reading

To be on holiday is not to be in the proper mood for reading newspapers. While I was at Cowes I had the greatest difficulty in struggling to keep abreast of the world's news, meagre though it is at such a time of year. It is so much easier to let the eye flit lazily over the advertisements, providing, as they do, such ideal material for light reading, and in the "Agony Column" there is always rich provision for romantic speculation in those passionate messages from luckless lovers and outraged hearts, though I am never quite sure in my own mind whether all are the genuine cries of love in distress or that some do not find their way into print to preserve the tradition of this Victorian means of communication,

DÉJEUNER À LA

A typical scene in the beach restaurant of the Excelsior as it is called, is filled with sun and sea bathers, who back to their rooms to dress, wander in wearing beach suits.



Sport and General

A tree-bordered path on the Lido that leads to the sea. Americans are flocking here in greater numbers than ever, and a party of new arrivals still in the garb of urban respectability are seen in the right foreground

when the pangs of love could not be assuaged by the lifting of a telephone receiver. Impecunious peeresses, I see, are already preparing for the winter season by advertising their qualifications as chaperons, duties with which they can enrich themselves by anything from £100 to £1,000, according to the length of the season required.

Women in the Butts

READING the list of house-parties that are now in progress in Scotland and Yorkshire for the grouse shooting, it might appear that there are as many women in the butts as men. That, of course, is not so; but there are a great number who do not rely upon their own amusements, but accompany their husbands and friends daily to the moors and, not content, as in the old days, to stand by and watch, they demand to shoot as well. By now the men have probably grown so accustomed to their presence that their first vexation has given place to complaisant toleration:

GUNS AND GOLFERS GO NORTH

MODE

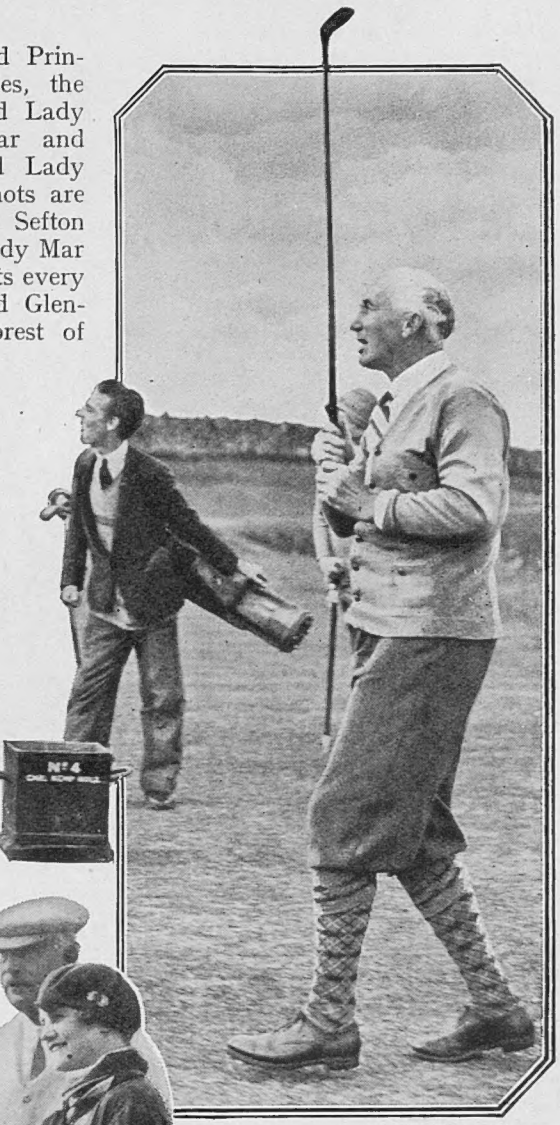
Palace Hotel on the Lido. "The Tavern" far from worrying about the bother of going bathing wraps or pyjamas, and no one worries

By Helen McKie

but there are many who refuse to allow this further trespass upon man's recreation and do not invite any woman likely to want to take an active part in the shoot. Few women are good shots, and none, among those who do shoot, can handle a twelve-bore gun, with the result that they must depend upon a smaller bore gun and a truer aim to help them. Woman should be by now developing a capacity of intelligence that should enable her to see that there are some pastimes at which she is still better fitted to remain as a spectator.

Shooting Over the Sutherland Moors

Lord Lonsdale has been entertaining his usual party for the first shooting at Penrith, where his guests at Lowther Castle have included Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles, the ex-King of Greece, Lord and Lady Sefton, Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie and Sir William and Lady Noreen Bass. Some good shots are among them, especially Lord Sefton and Sir William Bass, and Lady Mar and Kellie has been in the butts every day. In Aberdeenshire, Lord Glentanar has arrived at the Forest of Glen Tanar after spending ten days with the Boy Scouts at the International Jamboree. He and Lady Glentanar will be having a series of house-parties for the next two months, as will his mother, Margaret Lady Glentanar, who has taken Sir Victor Mackenzie's shoot at Glenmuick. She has only just left Cowes, where she entertained for the Regatta at Hamlet Lodge. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland will miss most of the grouse at Dunrobin this year, for they are away on a yachting cruise; but in their absence the Duke's sister, Lady Ednam, and her husband are shooting over the Sutherland moors.



Central News

Sir John Simon driving off from the first tee at North Berwick, where he has been spending a golfing holiday. He is one of the keenest of Parliamentary golfers

J. C. H. Balmain

Lord Lurgan (left) chatting with the Earl and Countess of Dudley on the course at North Berwick. Lady Dudley is, of course, known to past playgoers as Gertie Millar, the famous musical comedy star

The Northern Games Begin

Yorkshire has been showing good sport, and from Bolton Hall I hear Lord Bolton and his friends have been having the best of bags. The former First Lord of the Admiralty is in his party with Lady Bridgeman, also Major Tryon and the Hon. Mrs. Tryon. Young Lord Burghley was another shooting, as well as Lord Dynevor, Lord Exeter and the Bishop of Blackburn. Next week, by the way, sees the first of the Northern Games at Portree; then on September 4 and 5 Aboyne

(Continued on page 392)

SPORT ON THE MOORS—Lord Lonsdale's

Wide World Photos

Lord Lonsdale in the butts during a shoot. He entertained a big party for the start of the grouse shooting season at Lowther Castle, Penrith

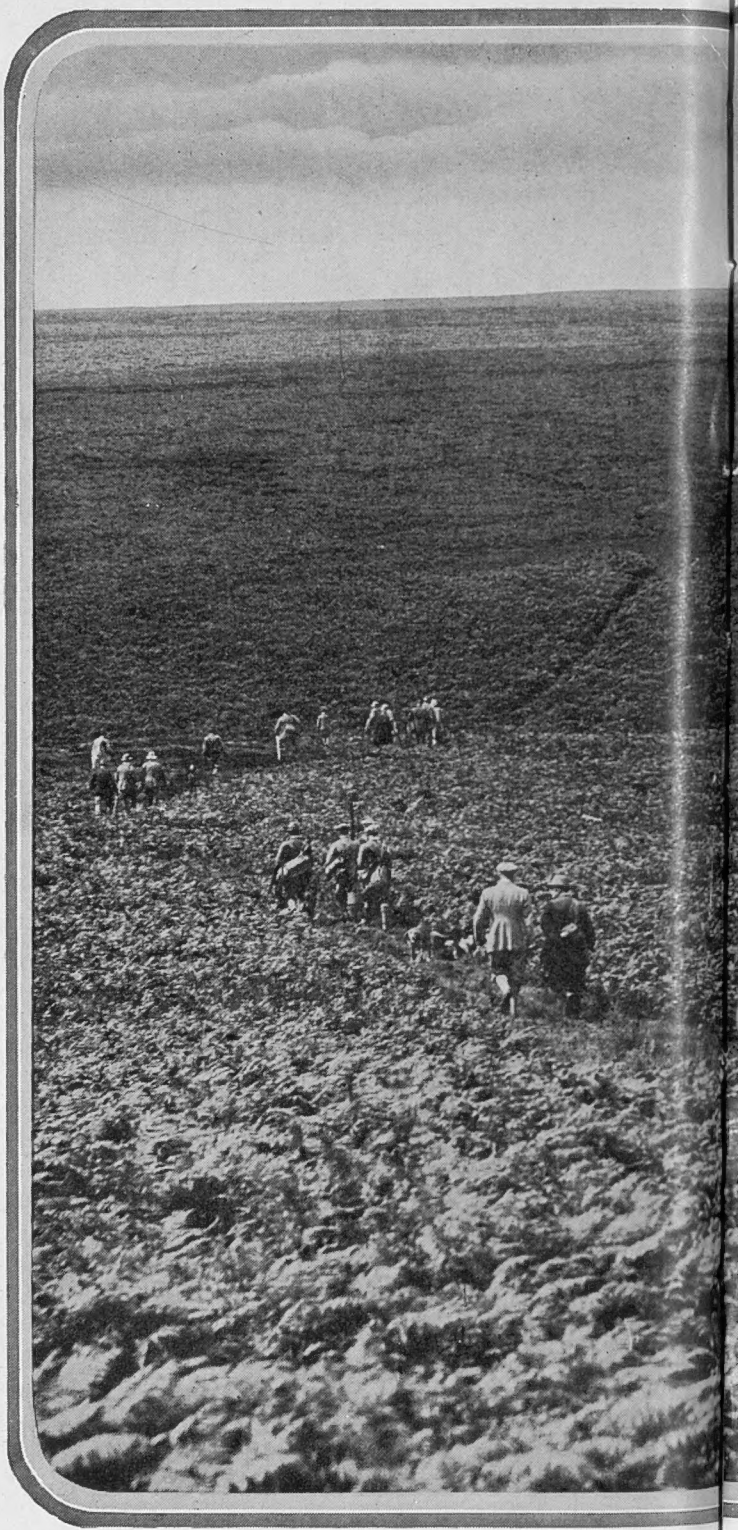
MAX BAKER'S WEEKLY

ONLY a novice imagines that the clothes worn when out shooting must be so labelled. Anything in the nature of fancy uniform is out of fashion and the same is true even of inconspicuous specialisation. The reason is simple. Clothes worn only for shooting last too long and become a joke in the course of years. A lounge suit of the neutral order appropriate for country wear, with added knickers, is all-sufficient. If knickerbockers are only worn occasionally the trousers are necessary in order to provide alternative uses for the suit. In any case they are invaluable as a quick change from wet stockings, etc. Arm freedom is better provided by skilful fitting of the sleeve close up to the shoulder joint than by bagginess.

Sport and General

IN THE BUTTS

Sir Donald Horsfall sights a high bird He was a member of Mr. W. Nicholson's shoot over Aneram Moor, near Nidderdale, in Yorkshire



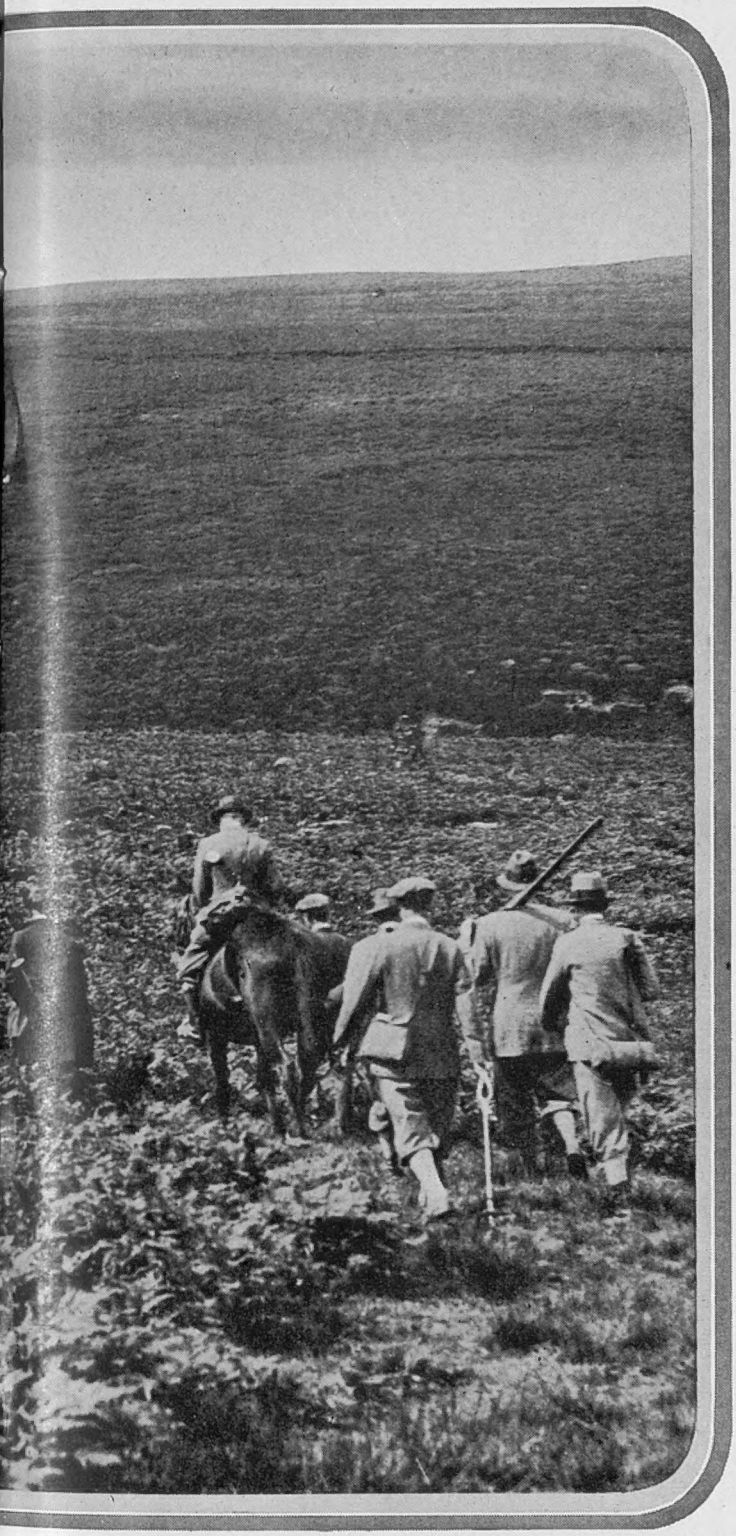
ON THE

The winding trail that leads through the heather of a Yorkshire moor to where the crossing Swinton Moor on their way

Shoot at Penrith and Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister's in Yorkshire

HINT: SHOOTING COSTUME

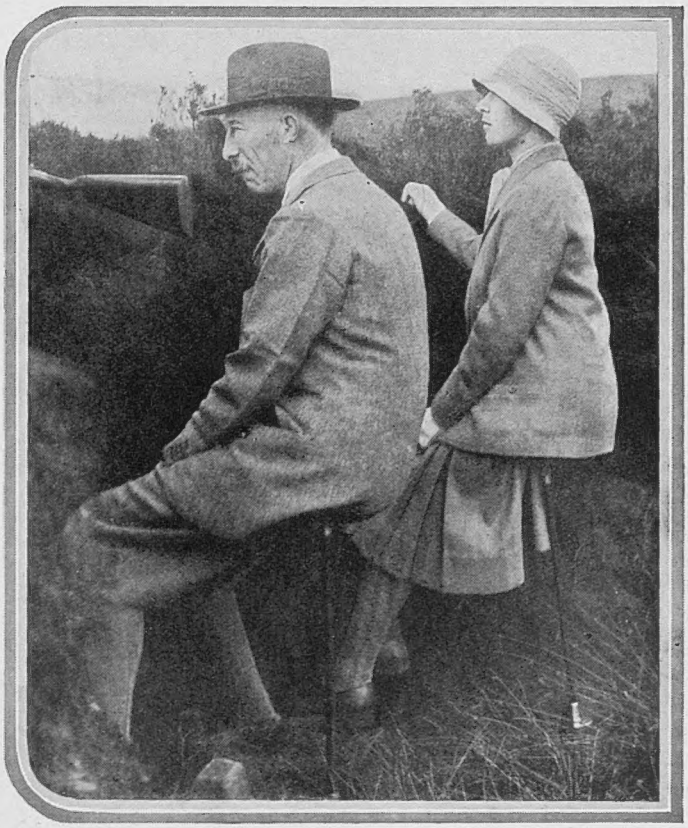
Shooting involves but slight body distortion; for instance, when mounting a gun it is a fault to allow the coat collar to rise even so little as to cover the linen one (or its equivalent) beneath. Belts, shoulder leathers, abnormal pockets, these are items long ago discarded. Cartridges are kept in a bag, usually consigned to an attendant, a few only being distributed about the person. Beyond the avoidance of white round the neck, the colour scheme need but satisfy the requirements of good taste. Inconspicuousness is mainly dependent on standing still and not flourishing the gun. One warning is all-important. It is to ensure that the brace buckle does not trespass into the area where the butt of the stock beds into the shoulder.



Sport and General

YORKSHIRE MOORS

butts offer sport to keen guns. Members of Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister's shoot are seen to a day's sport with the grouse



Wide World Photos

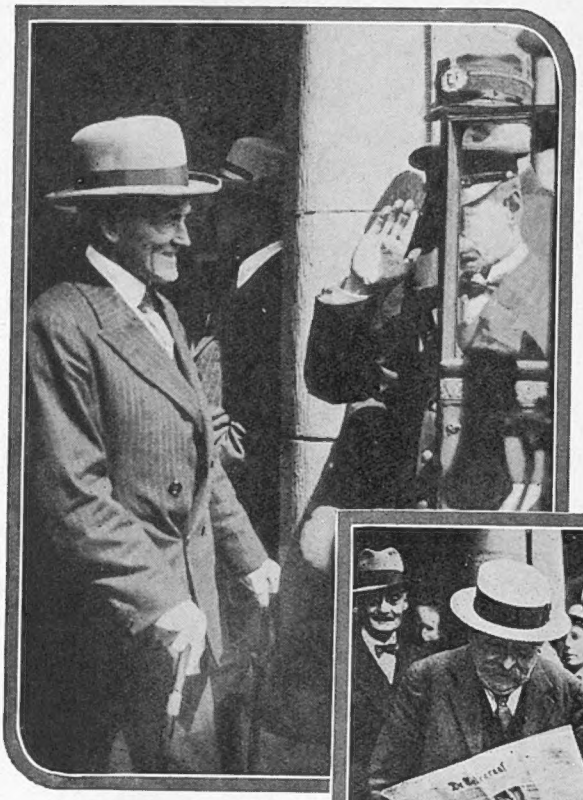
Lord Lascelles and Princess Mary waiting for the "mark over" in the butts. They were members of the party entertained by Lord Lonsdale, at Penrith

Wide World Photos

Society has now moved North en masse for the grouse shooting and the birds are providing good sport. King George of Greece, who was Lord Lonsdale's guest, is seen in the butts

(Continued from page 389)

THE MYSTERY MAN AT THE HAGUE



Central News

Mr. Philip Snowden leaving the Conference at The Hague. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's determined stand on behalf of Britain has received the support of the whole country Whether our possible estrangement with France and Italy will be worth while remains to be seen

Keystone View

M. Briand, the French Premier, allows himself to relax after the strain of a meeting in the Conference Hall at The Hague. He is inspecting a caricature of himself in a Dutch newspaper

and Braemar follow on with the hardy Scot showing the prowess of his mighty muscles.

Youth Sets Sail

Two young men, whose fortunes and position will enable them to be useful members of the body politic if they pursue their careers in the right direction, are gaining a working knowledge of our Overseas Possessions. Lord Ashley is shortly leaving for Bombay, where he has been appointed as A.D.C. to Sir Frederick Sykes, the Governor, that stern and somewhat pedantic man, who was once Minister for Air and married Mr. Bonar Law's elder daughter. The other young man is Mr. Edward Hulton, who contested the Leek division for the Conservatives. He has left for Canada, where he will join Mr. Amery as his secretary during the latter's tour of the Dominion. Mr. Hulton has sufficient enthusiasm for Conservative ideals not to be tempted into the Socialist ranks in the hope of swifter realisation of his ambition to be in the House, as others from the older Parties have been. That he believes in Empire Free Trade should help him to be recognised by his older colleagues, if not by Mr. Davidson and Mr. Baldwin.

Lido Time in Italy

By the time these lines are read I may be disporting myself in appropriate economy of costume on that island of sunshine, mud and sand near Venice —the Lido—though, with the perversity of the unexpected, I am quite likely to find myself still surrounded by the North Sea, the English Channel, and the Atlantic. I believe the Italian Government have a black mark against me for a somewhat incautiously candid opinion expressed some years ago in print; however, I am trusting that I have now earned their forgiveness, if only for saying here that if the Conservatives had copied the manner, but not the methods, of Mussolini the Party and its followers would at least have had the assurance of possessing a leader. Lido life, a combination of sun-bathing in the morning and sight-seeing in Venice in the afternoon, is an admirable mixture of pleasant indolence and intelligent recreation. Sir Joseph and Lady Duveen go there every year, and though there is some tale of its having fallen off in fashionable esteem, Lord and Lady Carisbrooke have gone there, as well as Sir Cecil and Lady Tyrrell Beck. The Lido is popular with stage folk, and Jack Hulbert and his wife, Cicely Courtneidge, are still absorbing the sun rays to fortify them against the climatic and theatrical perils of our winter.

Schneider Cup and Portsmouth Polo

A friend of mine, a Naval officer, who has been stationed at Portsmouth for the last three months, tells me that the Air Force seem particularly confident of keeping the Schneider Cup in this country. The Italian machines have not yet been satisfactorily tried out, and even if the American machine does come over the handicap of having no other to fall back on in case of accident severely minimises the Americans' chance of success. My friend also told me he has been having a number of games of polo at Gosport. Apparently, the Air Officer Commanding there, Air-Commodore

Wide World Photos

The Mystery Man of the Conference at The Hague. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the American multi-millionaire, who is said to be undertaking the role of Mediator. But "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes"

THE BUSY DUKE AND THE SPEED PROGRAMME

Topical Press

The Duke and Duchess of York chatting with pipers who took part in a display by the Forfar Ambulance Corps held in Station Park, Forfar. They motored over from Glamis Castle to inspect the various detachments and present the prizes

Sport and General

The Duke going the rounds of his Holiday Camp at New Romney with the Camp Commandant. This camp is manned by working lads and Public School boys, who get together and learn "the other fellow's" viewpoint

Higgins—who is very frequently confused with another distinguished officer in the Air Force, Air Vice-Marshal Sir John Higgins—has brought about the removal of the Southampton Polo Club to Gosport and, with the aid of Sir Roger Keyes, has provided regular games throughout the summer. Lord Louis Mountbatten, who is undergoing a signal course at Portsmouth, has been playing there, and when a full side cannot be made up I hear that Sir Roger Keyes's elder daughters join the game, which, I think, is the first time I have ever heard of women playing polo.

London Park as an Air Port?

THE increasing development of civil aviation is causing numberless new country clubs to spring up all over the country, though at the moment their number is far below that required, and even adequate facilities for landing at many of the principal towns are very few. The newest air park combined with country club is, I see, to open at Hanworth next month, one of its advantages being that

The attractive cover to the programme announcing a talk on "Speed," which Sir Henry Segrave gave to the boys at the Duke's Holiday Camp. His Royal Highness was very amused at the caricature of Sir Henry, which we are specially asked to reproduce

members who have passed their flying tests may hire machines as one now hires cars for self-driving. Of the few disadvantages of air travel that now remain one of the chief is the fact that it is impossible to land anywhere but on the outskirts of a town. Where London is concerned the drive to Hendon or Croydon usually takes up half as much time as the flight itself. In the replanning of Charing Cross station some provision ought to be made whereby the waste space of the vast station roof might be utilised for aeroplanes. At some time or other it is likely that one of London's parks will have to sacrifice part of its space as an air port. Such facility would revolutionise commercial flying.

Recent Deaths

LAST week was sadly conspicuous for the number of deaths of distinguished men. First, all Etonians were shocked and grieved at the tragic end of Mr. Hugh Macnaghten, Vice-Provost of Eton, and immediately after came the deaths of Lord Horne, Brigadier Malise Graham (who the public princi-

MORE HORSES FOR YOUR NOTE BOOK

L.N.A.

Earl Howe, who had two cars entered in the T.T. Trials held in Ulster last week. He and Kaye Don, last year's winner, were two British competitors who came in for a lot of public attention

pally knew through his exhibitions of jumping at the International Horse Show at Olympia on that wonderful old horse Broncho) and Mr. Geoffrey Scott, the author, and a nephew of the former famous editor of the *Manchester Guardian*. The introduction of the creeping barrage was frequently credited to Lord Horne, and in many of the obituary notices this was reiterated, though he had himself denied being its inventor. Lord Horne was a close friend of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig, they having first met in the South African War, and his advancement was in some part due to his association with the Commander-in-Chief. Just before he died he addressed a public letter in protest against the proposed Haig statue. Unobtrusive adherence to duty and fidelity to the traditions of the Royal Artillery were principal recommendations for his promotion.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

(Add to the list of horses already published the names given below)

GWYNIAD

(B. C., by Swynford—Sword Play.) Owner, Mr. J. P. Arkwright. Trainer, Persse. Has suffered two short head defeats this season. Beaten on the post by Challenger in the Richmond Stakes (six furlongs) at Goodwood. Casserole headed him over five furlongs at Newmarket earlier in the month. Note for a Nursery.

TOM PEARTREE

(Ch. C., by Gainsborough—Selene). Owner, Mr. H. E. Morris. Trainer, T. Leader. Will win a long distance race before the end of the season. Was hampered when finishing thirteenth in the Derby. Was only a head behind Hunter's Moon over a mile and a half at Goodwood. Was well backed.

TOO TOO

(Ch. G., by Papyrus—Miss Tut Tut). Owner, Mr. J. P. Arkwright. Trainer, Persse. Ran a good race at Birmingham when finishing fourth to Stemmed. Was backed with confidence to win the Robin Hood Maiden Plate (five furlongs) at Nottingham. Was sixth.

FERRY MAID

(Ch. F., by Batchelor's Craft—Maudlin Bridge). Owner, Mrs. M. Lawson. Trainer, F. Armstrong. Was backed down from 7 to 2 to 9 to 4 and finished sixth in the Bestwood Plate, Nottingham (one mile and a half). Earlier in the month ran Freeholder to a head at Birmingham.

INTRUDER

(B. G., by Trespasser—Recess). Owner, Mr. H. W. Forester. Trainer, M. Hartigan. Failed only by a head to win the Ringmore Maiden Two-year-old Plate (five furlongs) at Lewes. Was a strong order, big bets being made at 5 to 1 down to 3 to 1. Support in future races with every confidence.

LUCKY CHARM

(B. F., by Zria's Charm—Third Page). Owner, Mr. W. H. Sayers. Trainer, Coldbeck. Was strongly supported at 9 to 1 down to 7 to 2 for the Ittom Handicap (six furlongs) at Chepstow. Hope she lives up to her name.

Fox Photos

A group on board Mr. Lee Guinness's yacht, Migrant, during Cowes Week. The group comprises Mr. Lee Guinness (left), Lady Honor Guinness, Miss Joan Mortimer, Lady Mainwaring, Mrs. Lee Guinness, King George of Greece, Mrs. Loel Guinness, Lady Craven, Lord Altamont and Miss Tanis Guinness

P. Downing

A FAMOUS NOVELIST and his ISLAND HOME

A picturesque corner of the tiny Isle of Jethou, one of the Channel Islands group, which is the home of Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the famous novelist. Apart from his novels, Mr. Mackenzie (seen inset) is an expert on the gramophone, on which subject he writes prolifically

FARCES—NAVAL AND MILLINERY

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

" These Pretty Things," at the Garrick Theatre

JUST lately two dramatists who usually write in satirical vein have had farces produced in which satire is not used as the trump card. One of these, *Bees and Honey,* by H. F. Maltby—which H. H. Harris illustrates on these pages—is full-blooded, while the other, *These Pretty Things,* by Gertrude Jennings, is somewhat anæmic.

IF one compares the work of these two authors it is obvious that H. F. Maltby is the better equipped. He is equally at home in the three-act play as in what was known as the curtain-raiser. A really fine specimen of the one-act play was seen in a Grand Guignol programme at the Little Theatre some time ago. Not only was it sordidly powerful, but it had a cynical twist at the end which could only have been invented by a man who had theatre in his blood.

MALTBY writes with equal facility when dealing with a messy murder—as in his Grand Guignol play; satirising the Nonconformist conscience in *Such a Nice Young Man;* showing up the modern Miss in *Three Birds;* or picturing a most unpleasant crowd of characters in *The Rotters.* The author's methods are almost Hogarthian in their brutal force. No one, seeing his plays, could be in any doubt as to the sex of the writer.

EQUALLY I believe that the work of Miss Gertrude Jennings reveals the feminine touch in *Five Birds in a Cage, Between the Soup and the Savoury, At the Bathroom Door,* and the many other clever one-act plays with which she has made her name famous. More famous, indeed, despite a " young person in pink," than in her lengthier efforts, for this dramatist is infinitely more happily employed when painting miniatures than when attempting a full-length picture.

WHILE the male Maltby hits his characters over the head with a bludgeon, Miss Jennings, in a more ladylike way, prods them with a hat-pin! Both possess powers of observation, but, having taken stock of the victim, Miss Jennings scratches while Maltby wounds.

IN the effort to cause amusement Miss Jennings appears, in *These Pretty Things,* to have relied too much on plot, and, in consequence, fails to pay sufficient attention to her characters, and those clever self-revealing little touches which are a feature of her almost plotless one-act plays are here merely conspicuous by their absence.

A CAST of brilliance has but little chance to scintillate, but Marie Löhr, in an all-too-small a part as a " refeened " mannequin, was admirable; Athene Seyler, in a long one, struggled hard, with some success, to impart life to the heroine, and Laurence Grossmith was at ease as a hen-pecked husband.

" The Middle Watch," at the Shaftesbury Theatre

THE characters in this most amusing farce—which for some reason or other is called a romance—are all at sea throughout the evening, but the authors, Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall, are far from being so, for from the rise to the fall of the curtain they know exactly what they are aiming at and hit the mark every time.

SAILORS are credited with having a wife in every port, but in *The Middle Watch* certain officers of His Majesty's Navy are placed in the awkward position of having wives-to-be spending the night on board H.M.S. *Falcon,* a cruiser on the China Station, thanks to the breakdown of the picket boat which was to have taken them ashore. Now ladies on board

Sketches of "Bees and Honey," at the New Theatre, by H. H. HARRIS

are contrary to regulations—which shows how harshly the Navy is treated!

SPARE cabins appear to be at a premium in cruisers, and when, thanks to the gallantry of the Captain, who falls in love at first sight with one of the ladies, the pair are safely tucked away for the night in the Captain's sleeping quarters and in some of the junior officers' pyjamas, complications ensue owing to Admiral Sir Hercules Hewett, K.C.B., coming unexpectedly aboard to effect a midnight rescue of his wife and daughter who are in distress—as is the yacht on which they are taking a cruise. Sir Hercules shows the stuff of which British Tars are made by *desiring* to rescue his wife, an unprepossessing lady with a nasty, jealous temperament!

AND then the old game of hide-and-seek is played when the Admiral wishes to change his quarters and sleep in the cabin occupied by the stowaways. It is the familiar scene once more, with bedroom doors and flittings in and out, but, thanks to the environment and the invention of the authors, the scene appears as novel as can be and is really amusing.

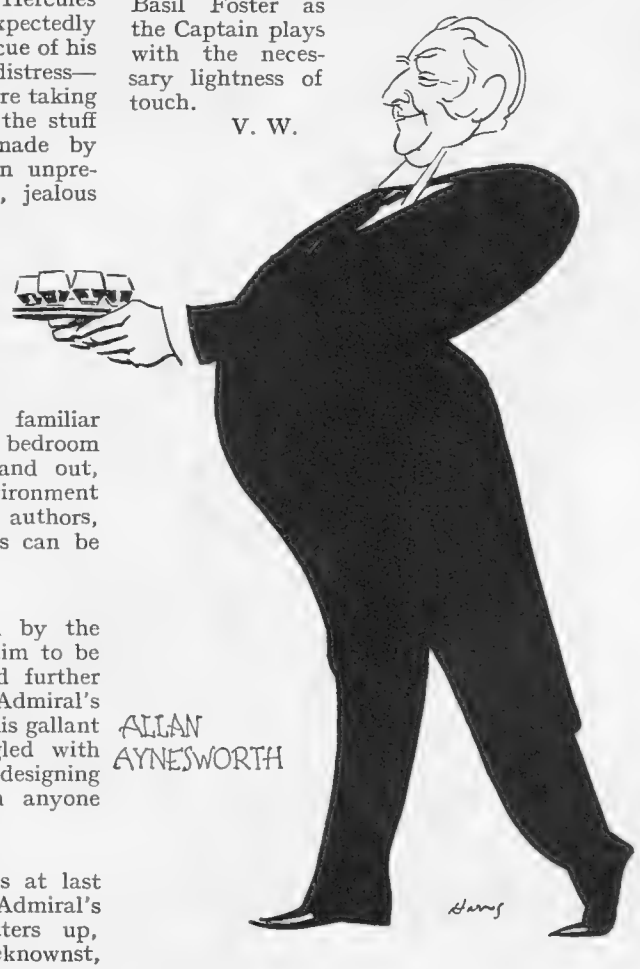
WHEN at last discovered by the Admiral both ladies claim to be the wife of the Captain, and further complications ensue when the Admiral's wife comes aboard and finds this gallant sailor all unwittingly entangled with the girl the Captain loves, a designing young American with whom anyone might be captivated on sight.

STILL, even Lady Hewett is at last induced to follow in the Admiral's footsteps and to hush matters up, thanks to the fact that, unbeknownst, the two girls had a chaperon on board all the time—a middle-aged lady who got locked up in the compass room and who knew Lady Hewett in her younger days when that virago herself spent one night alone on a destroyer with ninety-five sailors!

IN this farce, which is the funniest I have seen for a very long while, there is some really first-rate acting. Olive Blakeney as the American girl has a gorgeous part, written with a keen sense of comedy as well as farce, and was the success of the evening. I thought her a clever actress when playing in *Square Crooks* some time ago. I now realise that she is more than that—she is a born comedienne.

ANOTHER most amusing character is that of Marine Ogg, played by Aubrey Mather. He spends most of his time doing sentry-go, and I never realised till I saw him what a figure of fun a sentry could be. Clive Currie also makes an amusing character of Admiral Sir Hercules Hewett; Jane Baxter is high-spirited as the second of the heroines, Reginald Purdell makes a most effective Chinese servant, while Basil Foster as the Captain plays with the necessary lightness of touch.

V. W.



FROM THE MOORS to the TOWN

Express Photos

"Last stage of all in this eventful history." Part of a fine bag of grouse on their arrival in London. When they have finished decorating the railway official they will—in an undressed but "dressed" condition—decorate the tables of some West End restaurant

Topical Press

Above, Lord Davenport is seen busy in the butts on Amulree Hill, Perthshire, whilst below some distinguished foreign sportsmen are seen setting off to a shoot on Craig Moors, Aberdeenshire. The group includes Prince André Poniatouski, the Comte J. B. de Loupe and the Marquis de Montcalm

Central Press

A typical corner of the hilly moors of Perthshire. Members of Mr. Edward Lowe's party are seen on their way to the butts for a shoot on the beautiful Moor of Crainlarich

BRITISH DRAMATISTS WIN!

By Hannen Swaffer

Yevonde

MR. R. C. SHERRIFF

Whose war play, "Journey's End," was hawked from manager to manager before Maurice Browne presented it at the Savoy. Its success was then instantaneous and outstanding

THE American boom is over. American musical comedy noise is almost stilled into silence. American drama has gone back to Haarlem and the Bowery.

I know they have revived *Sun-up*, but it is in the smallest theatre in London, anyway, and I know that *Hold Everything* is still holding on at the Palace, but otherwise there is not one American play in London.

For three years I have been warning the English people about the consequences of allowing London's play-importers to Americanise their thoughts.

"You cannot do it," I was told. "You cannot push back the Atlantic." It has been done.

The Battle of the Plays has been won for England. Drury Lane's last attempt to Americanise the National Theatre was a failure. They are falling back upon a revival of *Rose Marie*, which originally was really made by the English chorus girls who danced the Totem Dance.

That revival, I believe, will be the last of the Yanks at Drury Lane. Anyway, New York has got nothing to sell them.

YOU are a country cousin, perhaps, up from the Provinces this week. Lots of people are in London just now. Well, let me take you round the shows. Those of you who have seen them may not like being reminded, but, if so, you should not have gone.

The Tiger in Men, with Bunny Bannerman back from Australia, might be called *The Bunny in Women*. Dion Titheradge tried to make it a thrill, but the tiger did not snarl loud enough. The tiger noises, it seemed, were made by a man who imitates children on the music-hall stage.

A Cup of Kindness shows Tom Walls at his best, Tom the patient trainer of horses and actors. Yes, *A Cup of Kindness* is for Auld Lang Syne. We laugh at the suburbs when we see it. Ralph Lynn and Tom Walls and Mary Brough are cheered every night when they come on.

Hay Wrightson

ST. JOHN ERVINE

The dramatic critic and dramatist, whose new comedy, "The First Mrs. Fraser," is proving so successful at the Haymarket. His earlier plays include "Jane Clegg" and "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary"

Sasha

BETWEEN THE ACTS

A study of Noel Coward during a rehearsal of his operette, "Bitter Sweet," telling Peggy Wood, his leading lady, a "new one" over a cup of tea

AS for *Rope*, it is an American thrill play in idea, but written and produced with a brilliant English skill. Reginald Denham has discovered himself at last.

By Candle Light, originally German, has been improved by its English adaptation, although "London's Longest Run" will now be shortened by Leslie Faber's untimely death.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles attracts the "two-and-fours" and the "five-and-nines," but the stalls, apparently, do not like farmer's wives. Gertrude Bugler causes arguments after every performance. Some people say she cannot act at all. Others say she shows an uncanny naturalness.

As for *Love Lies*, well, Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff have proved that, when they really try, the English have a sense of low comedy that would make horn-rims fall off. This is their second try. They will go on. . . .

De Mirjian Studios

Stephen Draper and Grace Treon in the revival of "Sun Up," one of the few American plays now in London, at the Little Theatre. Grace Treon is a daughter of Lucille La Verne, who plays the principal part

I AM not struck by Gertrude Jennings, whose comedy, *These Pretty Things,* starts according to plan and finishes the same way. Whenever I see mannequins I always feel they are laughing not only at the people who think that when they buy the frocks they will look as beautiful as the girls who are wearing them, but because they won't have to wear the frocks themselves when they've finished their job and gone home for the night.

The Infinite Shoeblack survives its ridiculous title, which the Scottish author merely wrote on the cover, more or less for fun. Mary Newcomb, the star, is one of those American actresses who have justified their coming here, although she does it because she likes acting and she hates New York. Sometimes I hate both New York and acting at the same time. Sometimes I only hate acting.

ST. JOHN ERVINE, a lucky man at last—has had several tries to make a playwright's fortune—has written a made-to-order comedy, *The First Mrs. Fraser,* with the advantage of Marie Tempest, Henry Ainley and the Haymarket Theatre all in one. So he is sitting back and counting £200 a week—and hoping there is more to come. I hope he will now retire from criticism. I do not like rivals.

Mr. Cinders, spurned by British managers because it was British, has forced its way into the London Hippodrome, which would not give it a show, but which is now crowded with its simple sweetness, its Barriesque comedy and its sparkling tunes.

Bitter Sweet, an English operette, has been Cochranised into success at His Majesty's, and *Wake Up and Dream,* whose bone-music is written, of course, by a rich American called Cole Porter—if his name were spelt Coal-Porter, he would not be rich—is successful for the same reason.

GRACIE FIELDS, the greatest star of them all, is now answering the question "Can she fill the Lyceum?"

"No, she isn't West End," they say.

"Oh no, only the working people want to see her," say others.

Don't you believe it! Gracie will see them all out. When the last cocktail has been drunk, and the last night club shut, the Gracie Fielders will be there.

I AM sorry I cannot speak as well of *Murder On The Second Floor* as most critics did. Its first act nearly sent me to sleep. Then people laughed because a woman lost her teeth. It is a comedy thriller, written by an actor on the approved American style, and is as good as most importations.

Bees and Honey, H. F. Maltby's tamest, is not one of the successes, but some people can laugh easily.

The Matriarch shows Mrs. Patrick Campbell at her very best, a state in which she is one of the most brilliant actresses who ever stepped upon the London stage. *The Skin Game* and *A Bill of Divorcement,* both revivals, give splendid chances for Herbert Marshall, Edna Best and Joyce Kennedy.

Then the *Co-Optimists* show that, in spite of everything, they have not lost their popularity. It is good news. I would not have liked to see their troubles overwhelm them, their disagreements break up a smiling combination, or their little vanities ruin the best concert party London has seen since poor Pelissier lost his sense of humour.

WELL, after that, there are only two shows, both all-British, in conception and in thought. *Journey's End,* the greatest of all London's plays, was written by a soldier who—wonder of wonders!—intended it to be acted by the Kingston Rowing Club, and then soon found that, after three or four managers had rejected it, it was destined to be the most popular English play of modern times. Its value to our nation abroad is greater than Philip Snowden.

"Yes, that is the English," say people pouring out of it in New York and Chicago. "They face things with a smile, and they die without any fuss." It will go all over the world. It will have no journey's end. . . .

THE other play, which is about the Navy, is written by a naval officer. He came in rather excitedly to see me, a few months ago, applauding my defence of the British playwright, saying how necessary it was to stand up for English things at a time when the foreigner was trying to run us, and telling me he was going away to write a farcical comedy about the British Navy, to which he belonged.

It was Commander King-Hall. They produced his play at Gibraltar on H.M.S. Repulse, although, because there was a dance and cabaret to follow, they did not finish it, as the cabaret was more important!

Now, Ian Hay has helped him to make it commercial. The result you can see.

Well, that is a good three years' work, isn't it? Keep at it!

Support home industries! Boom the English people! Believe in yourselves! Keep your tails up!

Then Britain will come into her own again.

H. S.

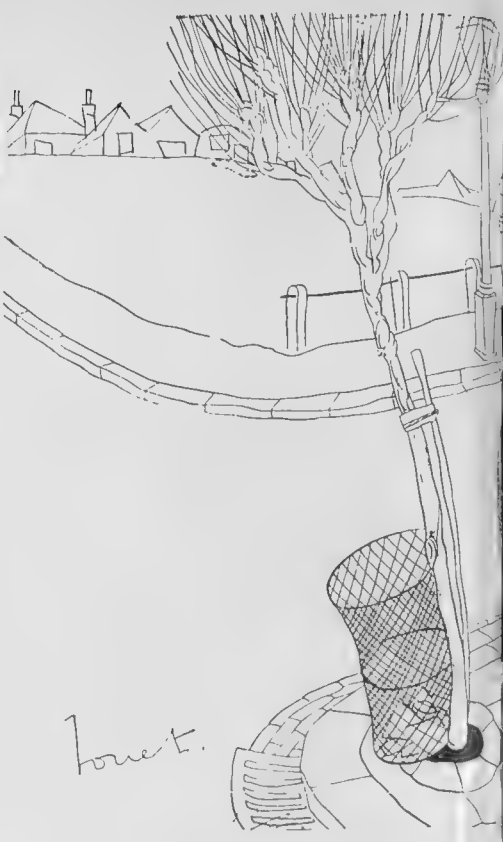
BY LESLIE BUTLER

"Edith doesn't seem to have succeeded very well with her reducing"
"No. She's a poor loser"

if gossip

BRITISH visitors to Paris may find themselves received in hotels and elsewhere for quite a little time to come with a politeness the iciness of which not even the usual round of tips (by far exceeding the cost of one's bedroom) will be able to melt. Mr. Philip Snowden has "been and gone and done it"; his own stock has shot up like a rocket, and so has that of the Socialist Party. So, too, has that of Great Britain in the eyes of the world, whatever the tongues and pens of the world may be doing about it. Consistent willingness to take the worst of any bargain and to be absurdly magnanimous and self-sacrificing has not made other nations think us noble, but only weak and silly. The Philip Sidney attitude is misunderstood in the twentieth century, and the Philip Snowden attitude has replaced it at the right moment. As someone justly described the situation when the Chancellor launched his ultimatum, France and Italy looked as a gamekeeper might after being bitten by a rabbit.

IF the Labour attitude towards Russia is as strong and as decided as Mr. Snowden's has been over the Young Plan the Government may yet shake off the reputation, rather too well earned in the past, of appearing to consider that the foreigner is right all the time and this country invariably wrong. "Uncle Arthur" Henderson was firm enough in the matter of the Soviet envoy, and the furious ragings of the Soviet Press against Mr. MacDonald is another point in favour of both him and his Cabinet.



"Yes, mum, the doctor
"You've got suspicious

But the Labour Press remains, as usual, sticky and timid so far as "our Russian comrydes" are concerned, and they do not seem to realise that the minds of the small group who now tyrannise over Russia are a mixture of sheer childishness and Oriental cunning.

Meanwhile the Capitalist Press, in the person of Lord Beaverbrook, has gone to Moscow. Considering that Great Britain is hated by Russia more bitterly than any nation in the world, that the British Empire is as much anathema to the Soviet as it is the cherished pride of Lord Beaverbrook, and that his lordship is what Moscow would call a "bourgeois" journalist, the trip shows some pluck. A safe return!

THERE is not, I gather from the best of sources, likely to be another General Election now for at least three years. A short time ago one was at any rate conceivable within twelve months, with the return of the Conservatives by a narrow majority, Mr. Baldwin paying a visit to Windsor, Sir William Jowitt offering his services a week after, and the repetition of all the rigmarole of which we were heartily sick early in the summer.

THE J. H. Lawrence pictures were crude in execution—the man is an extremely poor painter, whatever his literary ability—and most of the subjects were obscene. I am surprised that police proceedings were delayed as long as they were. Nevertheless,

A. Binder

"Little Willie," the ex-Crown Prince of Germany, on the courts of Berlin talking to the Misses Lucy Doraine and Cilly Aussem. He looks wild, unkempt and very elderly, but is said not to play a bad game of lawn tennis, although he is inclined to be erratic

By Fouet

...es to me, 'Mrs. Dawson,' 'e ses,
...emeemier'"

we must

beyond hope of recall, and cannot again come up for judgment. Nasty pictures should not, therefore, be destroyed but put away out of sight. I might be able to suggest where Mr. Lawrence's pictures should be put.

S

NOT long ago I read that Teddie Gerrard, who proved a dainty little lady in sundry Palace and André Charlot revues, and who succeeded poor Gaby Deslys as Harry Pilcer's dancing partner, was seriously ill in a London nursing-home, and not expected to recover. Anything more rudely healthy than the person I found playing lawn tennis in a Surrey garden the other Sunday afternoon it would be difficult to imagine. A long stay at Capri, most of it spent in sunbathing, had burned Teddie Gerrard's limbs (for it was she) to a dark chocolate colour. Mental activity is equally prominent, for in a little study rigged-up in the garden of her cottage near Cobham she spends hours a day writing an autobiographical novel—at least that is what I judged the *magnum opus* is going to be. An exquisite pastel of the famous Evelyn Thaw hangs on the wall of the study. The book should be interesting.

S

I HEAR rumours that Lady Inverclyde, who has been yachting in the Mediterranean of late as one of the methods of getting through with this hard and cruel life, is toying with

By S. C. Martin

YOUNG MAN (*hastily*): "Pardon me, this must be the wrong berth"
OLD MAID (*regretfully*): "How you boys *do* jump at conclusions!"

to order the *destruction* of pictures creates an unwise procedure. There is always a chance (though in this case a remote one) that contemporary opinion may be wrong. If a book is ordered to be destroyed, a fate to which even "Madame Bovary" was condemned, it is always possible, and has always happened in the past, for a few copies to be kept back clandestinely, from which new editions can, when necessary, or permissible, be printed. If a picture goes, or a statue, it goes

MISS MARY SHERIDAN *Janet Jevons*

Who plays lead in the dramatised version of "Jew Süss," which will be seen at the Duke of York's Theatre on September 18, after a provincial "try-out." The play has been adapted by Ashley Dukes from Feuchtwanger's famous novel, and Matheson Lang appears in the leading part

WHEN *NOT* TO RETURN TO THE STAGE

"They say bread contains alcohol." "That so? Then let's drink a little toast!" By Leslie Butler

the idea of returning to the Stage. Would it be ungallant for me to suggest that it will be exceedingly unfair if she does so? June, as June, was a pretty little dancer, with a tiny voice and not much idea of acting. She played one or two leading parts and became something of a favourite. Well and good. She married a peer who is a millionaire twice over. Again, well and good—if not better.

But there are English girls of equal and greater stage ability who have to depend on the Stage for their living. And the parts in musical comedy or revue available for them after London managers have done their utmost to engage Americans are few, and grow yearly fewer.

If an actress is a consummate genius, another Ellen Terry, whom the Stage cannot afford to lose, let her remain on it, however wealthy her husband. But for those who are not of this calibre to emerge from a rich retirement just for the fun of the thing is not good. Nor does the handing over to some charity of a portion, or even all, of the salary received make it any better.

The "Proms" have made a triumphal start at the Queen's Hall. The orchestra this year is somewhat larger, and so is Sir Henry Wood. Enthusiasm is as great as ever, if not greater. I do not attach much importance to the indignation expressed that the names of the orchestral players are not printed on the programme. Except to a handful of people in touch with music professionally, such long lists of names mean nothing at all, and, so far as public interest is concerned, it is waste of space to print them. Further, I have been to too many concerts not to know that when such lists are printed the players actually performing very rarely, owing to the "deputy" system, correspond to them. It is only fair, however, to add that Sir Henry Wood has always fought hard against this iniquitous "deputy" business at the "Proms."

MARK HAMBOURG Claude Harris

The famous pianist, who will appear as Beethoven in a forthcoming "talkie." He bears a speaking likeness to the great composer, and will speak the part in English, French, Russian and German—but not all at the same time

Nancy Ryan (left), Leslie Henson and Gertrude Lawrence dress fulfil a week's engagement in the American version of "By

Tales of "deputies" are many. One of the best is of the late George Edwardes, who, at a final dress-rehearsal of a Daly's piece, complimented the musical-director on his orchestra. "Come and take a good look at it, Mr. Edwardes," said the man with the baton, "this is the last time you will ever see it!" And it was.

This is a true story. A man I know wanted to engage a butler, and asked a friend of his if he could suggest one.

"Well," was the reply, "what about my own fellow? He's leaving me, and he's thoroughly efficient, sober, honest, and all that sort of thing."

"But why is he leaving you?"

"Well, if you must know, I don't think he likes my wife."

"Nor do I. I'll engage him."

Mr. William Randolph Hearst, who is, I understand, considerably less Anglophobish than he used to be, evidently believes in personal cleanliness, whatever the

HEARST AND HOSPITALITY

Topical Press

the part on their voyage to England on the Aquitania. Miss Lawrence has come over to Candle Light," by P. G. Wodehouse, which opens at the Southampton Empire next Monday

methods of his Press. In the castle he has taken in Wales he is installing fifty-two bathrooms, one for every card in the pack, as it were. And in the Hearst pack are some very queer cards indeed.

These extensive operations are, of course, conferring quite a lot of benefit on the local unemployed. Besides, Mr. Hearst's hospitality has always been lordly. Visitors to his American "home" — a castle right up in the mountains, which contrives to have a private golf course and several swimming pools—are met at the railway station, many miles distant, and are given a party at once, a lavish feast in a marquee, with Japanese attendants, before completing the journey in a fleet of magnificent motor cars. As for what happens when the destination is reached, nothing since the days of Heliogabalus has ever been seen like it.

BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH, which held its annual town regatta last week is one of the biggest yachting centres in Britain, if not the biggest. The Crouch presents the appearance of a forest of masts mostly flying club pennants, and every kind of yacht from the big ocean-going steam launch to the smallest racing class can be seen from the quay, and gives a pretty medley of colour and activity. There are two famous yacht clubs at Burnham, the Royal Corinthian and the Royal Burnham, and there are two very good class hotels. Despite these charms Burnham is, in some respects, a place almost unknown to the landlubber who is not a yachtsman. It keeps itself to itself it does. Trains of a sort sometimes leave Liverpool Street (Suburban Station) for Burnham, and *vice versa*, and occasionally a motor charabanc may be seen in its one straggling street. One shop in the town sells some newspapers, but on a Sunday, except for an elusive itinerant vendor, you cannot purchase a newspaper at all.

A HINT TO PRODUCERS

Mark Hambourg is to play the part of Beethoven on the talkies because he not only bears a physical resemblance to the great composer but also because he is a musician who can interpret the other's emotions. Some suggestions for more casting on these lines are offered below.

JACK JONES arrayed in cap and bells
Would make a fine Court Jester;
But Lady Astor, I opine,
As some Bacchante bearing wine
Would find it difficult to shine,
Although she might suggest a
Compromise by bringing in
A large and gaudy cocoa tin.

King Charles the Silent is a part
To cause a lot of worry;
The choice is so enormous, for
We've got the Sitwells, Bernard Shaw,
And politicians by the score,
Who for the rôle would scurry—
But Willie Clarkson's bound to be
"The Greatest W(h)ig in History."

Epstein as Michelangelo
Might lack the proper ardour:
Sir Henry Segrave's much too slow
For Rip van Winkle parts, although
I'm glad to say I really know
Who'd shine as Torquemada,
And that's the man who's on my tracks
For settlement of Income Tax.

B. W.

By Hynes

SHE: "How *dear!*"
HE: "Jolly expensive!"

SUCCESS by INSTALMENTS

An Interview with Mr. J. GIBSON JARVIE

ONE morning a few years before the War a young man stepped on to the platform from the Scottish express at Euston.

The best of stories begin like that. This is one of them.

One morning a few days ago the Managing Director of a banking house in London City rose to address the shareholders after the company's most successful year of business.

The Managing Director and the young man on Euston platform were one and the same. After which, of course, there was nothing else but to find out all about it.

So off by way of Cheapside and into King Street and through glass doors and up stone steps and into a room of many windows and a mahogany table of quite prodigious length. But the table can go by the board—no doubt what it is intended for—we are only concerned with the man who has risen to greet us.

A young man, younger than most for the responsibilities that he carries, with clipped hair and those scrutinising eyes that can do with a forest of figures what fortune-tellers do with hands.

MEET, then, upon the other side of that table of quite prodigious length, Mr. J. Gibson Jarvie, Managing Director of the United Dominions Trust, Limited, that in ten years he has carried from a personnel of one—himself—to close upon two hundred employees. A man who, in his conviction of its ultimate success, became a pioneer in this country of a system of credit comprehensively called "Consumer Credit," of which Hire-purchase is perhaps the best known, although not the only type.

"THERE are still many who are sceptical of Consumer Credit," Mr. Jarvie said. When I first came to London I had one foot in journalism and the other in Middle Temple with the hope of becoming a barrister [Mr. Jarvie has been called to the Bar], but before I realised this ambition I accepted an offer to go to America. That was nearly twenty years ago, and yet America had already begun to realise the possibilities of this new type of credit, and shortly after I became Vice-President of a banking corporation that was concentrating on the development of Consumer Credit, or, as I prefer to call it, 'Credit for Distribution.'

"IT was attacked and criticised there as it has been in this country, but now the most conservative have come to realise that it is a vital piece of economic machinery. For many years the public and the banks have advanced their money to finance production, but they have not concerned themselves so much with developing a market for the goods produced. There has been no 'consumer credit' to absorb the merchandise distributed by 'production credit.' The demand has not been financed to meet supply and goods have wasted or grown obsolete without leaving the factories and stores.

"WITH the privilege of paying for goods by instalments the consumers' purchasing power is increased, and industry benefits. It does not mean that the system panders to the extravagant. Indeed, it is something of a deterrent to thriftlessness, for instead of spending money on haphazard pleasure it will provide for the purchase of many things of intrinsic value. It translates casual expenditure into practical investments. It is surely better that a man should sacrifice, shall I say, some entertainment in order that he can advance the domestic worth of his house by acquiring, for instance, the installation of central heating, a refrigerator, a washing machine, or any labour-saving devices than by frivolling it away into thin air. Instead of waiting years Consumer Credit enables people to have and to use goods while they pay for them.

By STARR WOOD

"Is your wife a thinking woman?"
"Yes, she thinks a lot about nothing and then says it"

"MANY when thinking of Consumer Credit think of it only in connection with luxury trades. Though Consumer Credit can obviously be used for buying luxury articles—and I might put in that luxuries of yesterday become the necessaries of to-day—it is by no means confined to them. Consumer Credit is the means by which new and improved equipment can be bought by the farmer, the factory, or the shop, and to assist in speedier transport. Our aim is to make the British people a race of capitalists and property owners, to aid and encourage individualism, to increase British production by financing the increase or the improvement of the means of production.

"MY words are not mere theories. Their proof is to be found in the United States as well as in the development of the United Dominions Trust over here, but although we have gone some way towards the utilisation of this type of credit we must go farther, so that not only do we increase trade at home but also facilitate expansion of our exports."

AN unbiased tribute to his work and to his knowledge as an authority of Consumer Credit came last autumn, when he was invited to address the Annual Convention in New York of the National Association of Finance Corporations.

BYSTANDER *Copyright*

Special Portrait by Howard Coster

MR. J. GIBSON JARVIE

An interview with whom appears on the opposite page. He initiated the Consumer Credit system into London business

WHAT A NERVE!

By MANVILLE KEITH

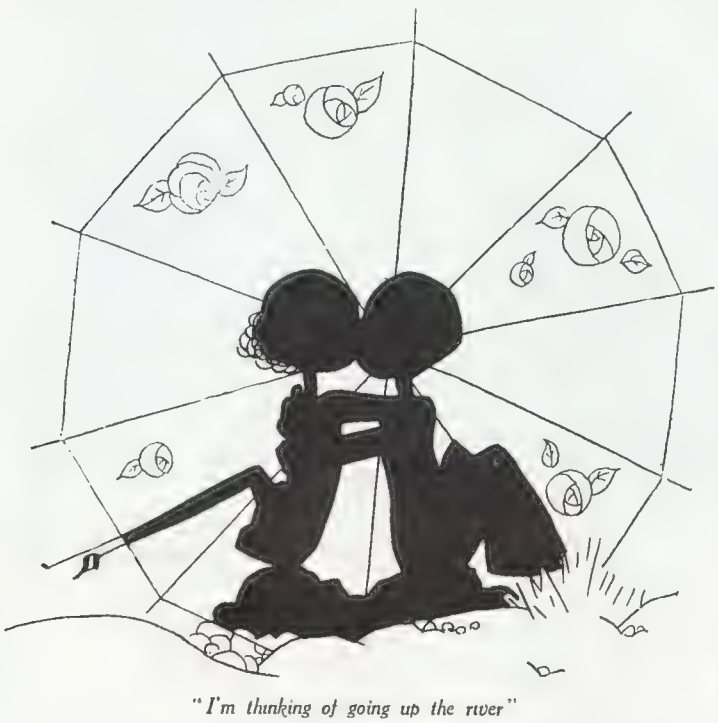
"WHY, Joan darling, I don't believe I've seen you since that dance at the Tuffnails. I *do* hope you are better now—what do I mean? Oh, I *do* hope I've not said the wrong thing, but I was quite sure you were sickening for something, your complexion was so terribly pasty. Out of compliment to my diamonds? Well, really, Joan darling, I must say that that sounds just the teeniest, weeniest bit catty to me. You really must try to conquer the habit, it's so terribly middle-aged. . . . No, darling, of course I don't speak from personal experience! You really are rather stupid this morning, you know, pet; still, I'll forgive you, for, as I always say one ought to make allowances. . . . No, no, dear, I said 'make,' not 'take.'

"WHERE was I? Oh, yes, of course, at the Tuffnails's dance. Quite one of *the* shows of the season to my mind—such a cheery crowd there. That Capt. Sheppard, for instance . . . Who *is* Capt. Sheppard? Why, my dear, he was that tall, good-looking man I was dancing with most of the evening. Don't you remember, we passed you several times in that waltz just before the supper dance when you were sitting out. . . . You guessed his name was Sheppard as soon as you saw me dancing with him? That was very clever of you, darling. Because I was looking rather a lamb that night, I suppose you thought—*What?* My dear Joan, if I didn't know you so well I should really imagine that you were jealous of me! Because I was giving him sheep's eyes, indeed! Why? I don't even know what such things are. Besides, half-closed eyes always suit me better.

"HAVE I seen him since? Why, my dear, that's the very thing I wanted to tell you about. I was never so surprised in all my life as when the telephone bell rang the next day at lunch time and I heard Snuggy on the end of the line. . . . Who's Snuggy? Why, my dear, you really can't have been paying any attention to what I've been talking about. Snuggy Sheppard, of course. . . . How did he know my number? I've really not the foggiest, darling, unless I happened to mention it in the course of conversation. . . .

"AN automatic exchange of remarks? Quite clever for you, Joan, dear—or did you read it somewhere? I always think books are *so* useful to you if you want to talk brightly. I don't know *what* I should do without Michael Arlen. You've often heard me talking through my Green Hat? Now I *don't* call *that* a bit funny—the remark *can't* be original. Anyway, Snuggy rang me up and asked me if I would care to go for a run into the country and have dinner at some riverside pub.

"WHY, of course I accepted! I simply worship and adore the country; it's so different from town and perfectly heavenly as long as you keep on the main roads and don't go wandering down those stupid little lanes where there's no room to pass anything. . . . Not the *real* country? My dear, I don't know what on earth you're talking about! Why, there are some of the cutest little petrol-filling stations on the Portsmouth road! . . . No, as a matter of fact, we dined at Maidenhead, and I will say this for Snuggy—he *does* know how to order a good dinner. . . . A bottle and a 'bird'? Really, Joan darling, don't you think you are just a *weeny* bit coarse at times? I mean to say—



"*I'm thinking of going up the river*"

"NO, naturally we didn't come straight back to Town. You see, Snuggy pointed out that the London road would be very full. . . . I simply don't know *what* you mean by 'like not calling to like,' dearest. If you are suggesting that Snuggy was blotto, or even a bit 'opsed, you are *quite* wrong. . . . Of course he had some. I mean to say, it's not much of a compliment to a girl to take her out for the evening and then not drink anything; sort of cold-blooded, if you see what I mean. As a matter of fact, I know he was all right because he was able to drive with one hand. . . . Of course not! You really are disgusting sometimes! I was a little cold, so naturally he put one arm round me just to keep me warm. . . . Anyway, his embrace was tight even if *he* wasn't? . . . Very feeble, darling.

"*I must simply fly, dear*"

"NO, as a matter of fact, and quite between ourselves, darling, he did *not* behave too well after dinner. I was really most surprised, because of course he comes from a very old family and——No, dear, you don't seem to understand me at all, I mean he *belongs* to an old family. . . . Yes, the car *did* break down and just outside the Blue Inn at Lateleigh! My dear, I was perfectly *furious* when he suggested it. I mean to say, the cheek of thinking I would stop the night there, and without my brushes or scent or bath salts or anything. . . . Of course I did. I made him come straight back to Town. . . . Yes, I quite agree, darling, it was out of the question. Why, I had an appointment with the hairdresser at ten the next morning.

"OH, no, I forgave him. I always say that it is woman's place to forgive because to forgive is divine and men often call us divine creatures. Besides, he was most awfully apologetic and contrite. . . . As a matter of fact he did, but I've no idea how *you* know unless, of course, you speak from personal experience, darling. . . . No, it was this wrist watch, as a matter of fact, and he sent the sweetest note saying that he had been an absolute cad to dream of suggesting it, and calling me a fresh English rose of purest ray serene. . . . Mix his drinks as well as his metaphors? I'm afraid I don't quite follow. . . . Good heavens! so it is! I'd no idea it was so late. That comes of you chattering so much, darling. I must simply *fly*, dear.

"TEA? I'm afraid I can't. I've got lots of packing to do. . . . Yes, Town's awful this weather. . . . No, only for the week-end, dear. Where? Well, as a matter of fact, I'm thinking of going up the river. . . . The Blue Inn at Lateleigh. . . . Now what on earth are you laughing at, Joan?"

BY J. NICOLSON

"I KISS YOUR LITTLE HAND, MADAME"

THE JOLL

BY LEON HERON

LY ROGER

Happy ending to a box of

Rowntree's YORK Chocolates

Going –

Going –

Gone !

Rowntree's famous York Chocolates; in 1-lb. boxes, 4/-; and in cartons, ½-lb. 2/-, ¼-lb. 1/-

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

OUT EAST

By JOSEPHINE BLUMENFELD

Illustrated by Frank Oldham

ONLY four more days now, not counting, of course, the extra night and half of Sunday. . . . Only four more days of waiting and trying to make the minutes catch up with the hours. . . .

Then he'd be home, and nothing should separate them again. Looking back now that it was nearly over she wondered how she had stood it, six whole months with nothing really important to do, nothing but letters to wait for (which sometimes missed the mail), a photo to look at which actually meant nothing at all, and his room just as he'd left it with a few odd studs and keys lying carelessly about on the chest of drawers.

Although, of course, she had to admit, it hadn't been so bad the first half, rather a relief, in fact, to be alone and have time to do things for one's self, instead of always thinking what he wanted to do. . . . But gradually the pleasure seemed to wear off, leaving an emptiness, a restlessness which had to be recognised as an ache and longing for his return. And now that it was really so near, it was almost too much, the feeling of joy, a pain nearly, and it kept her from sleeping, from eating properly, from everything.

Even books were useless. "He's coming home, he's coming home," flickered madly over the pages, and on the kitchen slate in the mornings, "He's coming home, he's coming home," and fish and nice rice shapes seemed out of place, unnecessary, inappropriate. In bed it was torture, and a hundred times a night she went over the meeting on the platform.

She'd have on her new suit, and that hat, the one he'd loved before he went away . . . the furs he'd given her and the new bag that went with the suit.

She'd get there just before the train, so as not to wait, get her platform ticket, walk quickly through the gates, and then just as she was half-way down the platform the train would come in. He'd be leaning out, very brown probably, and that half smile which sort of quivered at one end, and showed so much more in his eyes, would be lurking about his face.

She'd stand quite still then, breathless and smiling, then he'd be out, and, in spite of porters, people watching or others trying to get by, he'd have her in his arms, and she'd be simply hugging him with joy. . . .

THEN there'd be so much to say, they'd almost forget the luggage, they'd both be talking at once, holding hands, and nearly bursting with delight. And at last their porter, who'd have taken them in hand by now, realising how hopeless they were, would find them a taxi, bundle them in, their luggage after them, give the address, and they'd be off. . . .

Then in the taxi—a place where most people peer out of the window, sit bolt upright counting their luggage out loud, or kiss each other furtively after a dance, feeling that that is what they should do—they'd be sitting apart, hand in hand, aware of the security and happiness that were theirs, and listening to all the beautiful things they had to say.

And then in the house, she helping him to unpack, strewing the things on the floor, giving out little gasps of horror at torn shirts, holed socks and buttonless coats, holding up the presents he'd brought her, laughing, and every now and again jumping up to kiss him, just for the pure joy of realising he was there.

Then she'd leave his room, go to her own, and pretend he was still away, sit by the window a little sadly, hear his voice, and dash into his room crying, "Darling, darling, why didn't you let me know you were back?" . . .

And oh! it would be all so wonderful, so utterly new, and yet so altogether old . . . there'd be no more reserve now, no more of that something which at times prevented them being quite *au courant* with each other's thoughts. . . . She had learnt, especially through the latter part of this separation, what he really did mean to her, how incomplete everything was without him . . . and he after all those months, after her letters, too, he'd have learnt how she felt about things, and they'd keep nothing back, nothing, nothing. . . . She swore it to herself.

During the last few weeks she'd spent whole days in the house alone, thinking out clothes of which he would approve, how the house should look, what they'd have to eat the night he got back, and going into his room a hundred times, standing with her hands behind her wondering how it could be improved, arranging things, altering curtains, then out again into the bath-room and wondering if it ought to be repainted. . . .

EVERY day there had been something to attend to, every day some new scheme came to her head, and again and again, sitting quite silently, her hands lying limply in her lap, she went over all the things they'd have to say, how he'd look, how she'd look, and just how much they'd love to be together again.

And now there were only four more days. . . . Would they ever go? Could anything make them hurry? Suppose she got killed? Died suddenly of heart failure? Or broke out in chicken-pox or influenza? Suppose the day just never came, that something prevented it, the end of the world, or his train coming off the lines, the ship striking an iceberg? . . . She tortured herself with such thoughts, argued against them from the practical point of view, then tortured herself again. . . .

But at last it came; Friday, the day of days, although she'd been awake the whole night through, and was up at six with nothing to do but wander into his room from hers, look at the clothes she was going to wear and feel a hot, heavy weight, from not enough sleep, in her head. . .

Outside it was grey, and might turn to rain or fog—a fog at sea—she peered desperately through the window, then sighed with relief, as she saw a few drops of rain splash forlornly about the panes. It was cold, too, bitter; someone's washing flapped helplessly about on a line, a van screeched round a corner, a woman, with curlers in her hair, threw up a window. She shivered and drew her nightgown tightly about her, and wandered aimlessly round her room again.

Breakfast was beastly, so was everything else, the bath nearly cold; and when she dressed she ripped the seam of her coat in getting in too fast. . . . She reached out for a needle and cotton, the coat slipped to the floor, she caught her arm on a pot of ink, and it fell in a dark shadow on the skirt.

Impossible to wear it now. . . . She hunted about in the cupboard for something else . . . only that green thing (two years old), and anyway he didn't like her in green. It was raining hard now, pattering on the panes, dripping from the roof. A raincoat, ugly, but it couldn't be helped. She fetched it from the hall, and on the way

(All rights strictly reserved)

upstairs realised that a raincoat meant brogues; no good wearing black patent with a raincoat, although, of course, her feet looked much smaller in black, much thinner, too, almost like decent feet. . . . Still brogues would be more appropriate, and if there was one thing he detested it was inappropriateness.

The train wasn't due at Victoria till eleven - thirty - five, and now it was only nine, and she'd dressed, bathed, ordered the food, arranged the flowers and cleaned out the parrot—nothing more to do. . . . She walked listlessly from room to room, her heart throbbing in funny, unnatural little jerks, and a fearful dentist feeling in her chest. Picked up the telephone receiver, then, just as the operator said "Number, please," hung it up again, smoked too many cigarettes, overwound the grandfather clock, sat down and stood up again a hundred times till at last it was eleven o'clock and time to go.

Victoria was only just round the corner, not worth a taxi, and besides they were dangerous. She picked her way along the pavements, stepping over the puddles, and the rain beat down on the hat he loved and seeped through her collar down the nape of her neck. Fool, not to have brought an umbrella! No time to go back now. . . . .

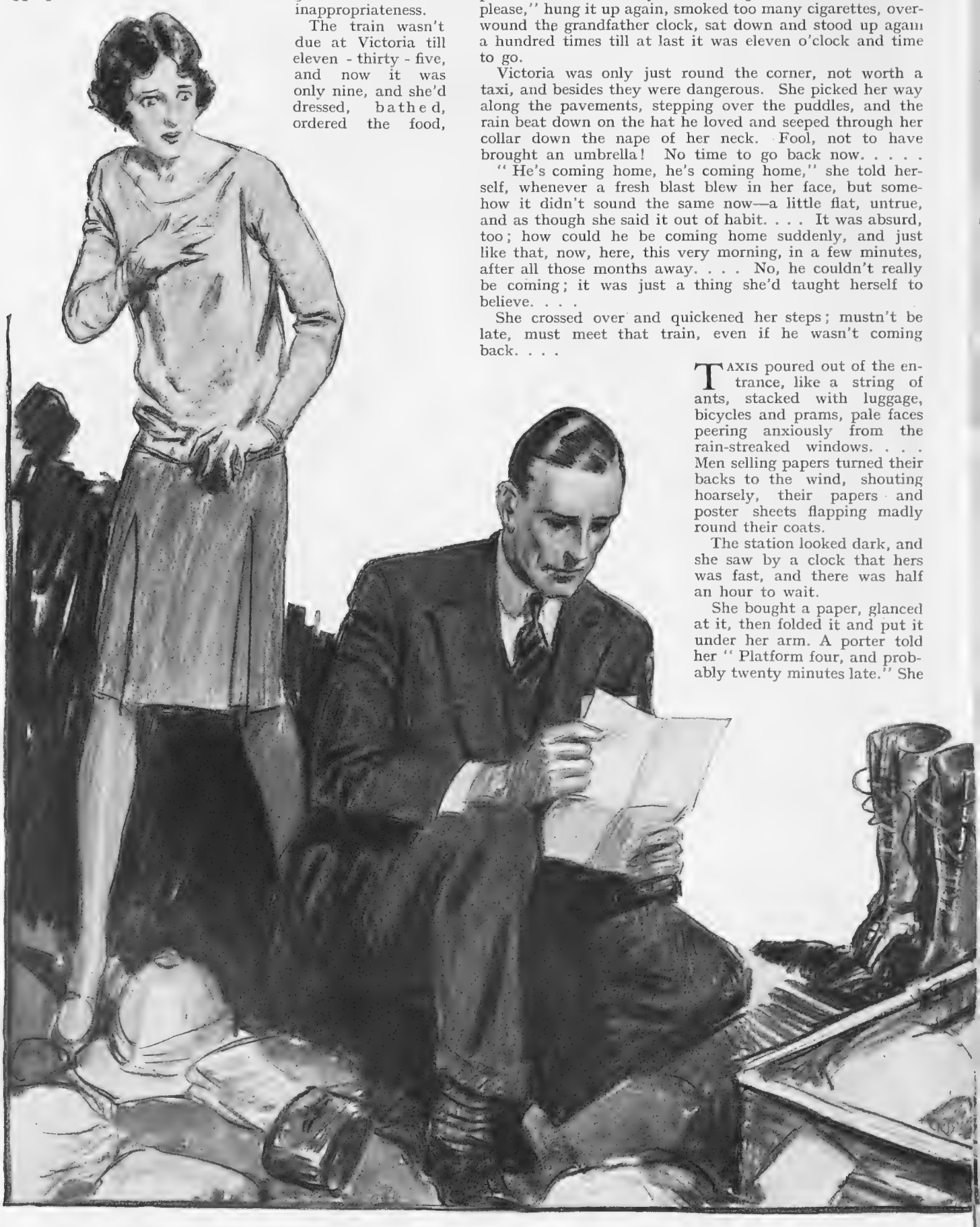
"He's coming home, he's coming home," she told herself, whenever a fresh blast blew in her face, but somehow it didn't sound the same now—a little flat, untrue, and as though she said it out of habit. . . . It was absurd, too; how could he be coming home suddenly, and just like that, now, here, this very morning, in a few minutes, after all those months away. . . . No, he couldn't really be coming; it was just a thing she'd taught herself to believe. . . .

She crossed over and quickened her steps; mustn't be late, must meet that train, even if he wasn't coming back. . . .

TAXIS poured out of the entrance, like a string of ants, stacked with luggage, bicycles and prams, pale faces peering anxiously from the rain-streaked windows. . . . Men selling papers turned their backs to the wind, shouting hoarsely, their papers and poster sheets flapping madly round their coats.

The station looked dark, and she saw by a clock that hers was fast, and there was half an hour to wait.

She bought a paper, glanced at it, then folded it and put it under her arm. A porter told her "Platform four, and probably twenty minutes late." She



"He was reading a letter, and under his thumb at the top of the page he held a snapshot"

sighed, felt the damp in her neck, bought a platform ticket and walked quickly up and down.

Once she sat down on an empty seat and tried to read the paper, but a fat woman with four chocolate-mouthed children, holding dirty dolls and dead flowers wrapped in brown paper, spread themselves out next to her, and she moved away.

Other trains came in, emptied themselves, shunted about and steamed slowly out of the station. . . . Porters whistled, men working on the line clanked with their heavy tools, and a flat greyness filled the air.

She was cold now, her fingers red, and the new bag dripped with rain. . . . The sides of her hair, so carefully curled with the tongs, hung in damp streaks, and she felt her nose red, too. She searched in the wet bag, and feared with sudden dread she'd left her powder in the bathroom. . . .

JUST then a train steamed slowly in. . . . She went on hunting feverishly, still in hope, not seeing the people get out, not thinking about him any more, intent on finding the little box, when someone brushed past her; she looked up, and there he was ahead of her. She knew him by the swing of his coat, the high way he held his head and by the back of his neck, always a little red, and for a second she stopped breathing. . . .

The next minute she had caught him up.

"Alan, Alan, here, it's me."

She caught his arm, he turned round slowly. . . .

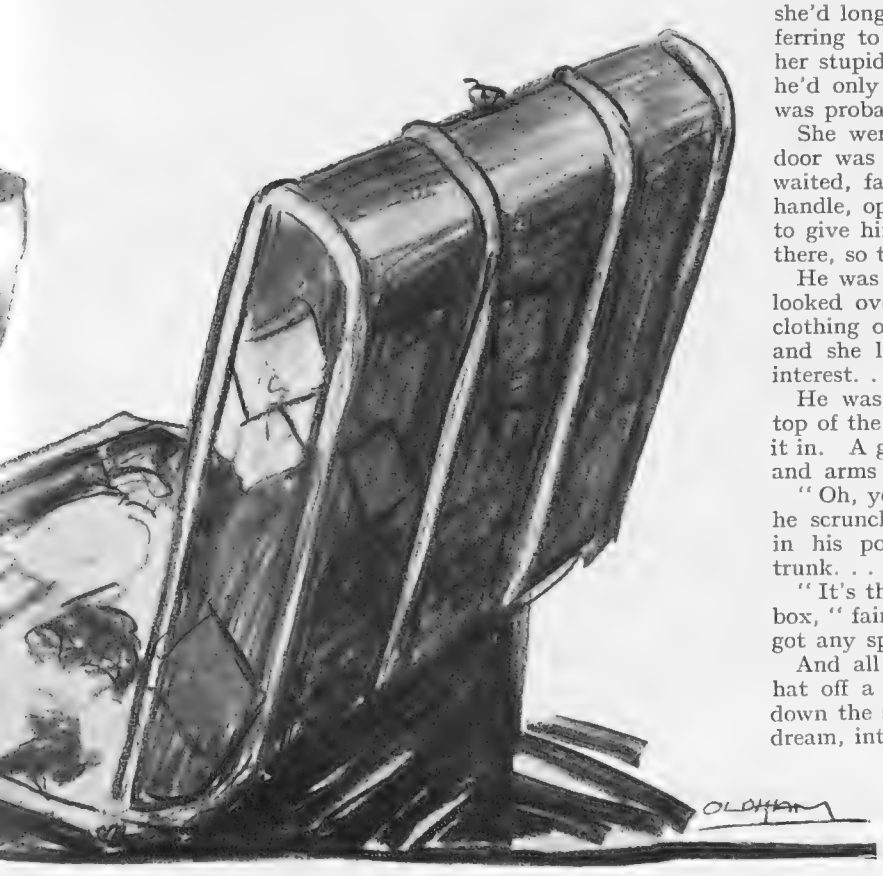
"Oh, hallo, I wondered if you'd be here." He held her hand, and she knew he wasn't going to kiss her. "Let me introduce you." . . . A man stood by his side in a cap, with a brown face and a grey moustache.

"My wife, Major Bagshaw . . . he's coming back to have a spot of lunch with us."

Spot of lunch, how funny that sounded, so odd somehow, a spot of lunch. . . .

She tried to smile, to shake hands with the Bagshaw man, and then Alan left them, walked on ahead, and found a taxi.

He sat on the small seat opposite, his face looked lined, she thought, older, and there was a funny spot he'd never had before on his forehead.



"You look pretty done up," he remarked, staring at her as though she were something unpleasant, as they swerved round a corner, "haven't you been well?"

"Oh, I'm all right, only I didn't sleep last night, I don't know why."

"Sleep! My hat! you should have been out East, shouldn't she, Bagshaw? Slept like a top, all the time."

Like a top, like a top, that sounded odd, to. . .

"Any letters for me?" He was going on again, why did he bother to talk if that was all he had to say? "Any from the East?" . . . "I don't think so, only a bill or two, at least that was all there were when I left. ."

"I'm afraid at our time of life we get little else," laughed Bagshaw, and she thought he laughed a little unnaturally.

When they got in Alan went straight to the tray where the letters were always put, picked up the two bills, scrutinised them, then flung them down again.

"How about lunch, Edie," he called as he went upstairs, leaving them in the hall, "Bagshaw's only got an hour, we must have it straight away."

THEY had it straight away, and the two men talked of the East, and Alan declared they must have curry the way they made it out there. Bagshaw left them as soon as lunch was over, and they stood together in the doorway watching his taxi drive away.

"Shall I help you unpack?" she asked when the door was shut, her heart beating furiously, her voice outwardly calm, casual, flat and rather dull, as though it were of no importance.

"No, thank you, I think I can do it better alone, I've collected so much junk these last few months, and my bearer's probably made an awful hash of everything. . . . Out East one's not allowed to do a thing for oneself, it will be rather a treat for once."

He walked away, she watched him climb the stairs and ached to cry after him, "Can't I come and watch, if I promise not to talk?" Only something in the droop of his shoulders, the way he held his pipe, warned her not to, and she walked slowly into the dining-room. . . .

The empty plates looked horrible, and seemed to leer at her . . . she rang the bell and told the maid to clear away.

And he was there, upstairs, in the house, Alan, whom she'd longed to have back again, he was in his room, preferring to be alone, not wanting her help, or was it only her stupid imagination? . . . Of course he must want her, he'd only just come back, he must want her, he did, he was probably in a state of complete chaos already. . . .

She went upstairs and stood outside his room . . . the door was shut, she could hear nothing from inside. She waited, faltered, then decided, put her hand on the door handle, opened it and tip-toed into the room . . . tip-toed, to give him a surprise, so that he shouldn't know she was there, so that he'd be glad when he suddenly saw her. . . .

He was kneeling in front of a trunk as she crept up and looked over his shoulder, surrounded by shirts, vests and clothing of every description, all in little heaps they lay, and she looked at the *débris* with a glance of motherly interest. . . .

He was reading a letter, and under his thumb at the top of the page he held a snapshot. . . . In a flash she took it in. A girl in a hammock with long legs, a laughing face, and arms dangling limply over the sides. . . .

"Oh, you there?" . . . Suddenly he heard her little gasp, he scrunched the letter in his hand, pushed the snapshot in his pocket, and went on pulling things out of the trunk. . . .

"It's the heat," he muttered, his head well down in the box, "fairly plays the devil with your things. . . . If you've got any spare . . . ."

And all at once she was in her own room, snatching a hat off a chair, pulling it on her head, fumbling blindly down the stairs, out of the front door, and, as though in a dream, into the street below. . . .

For a long time she walked with numbed brain, hanging head, and arms swinging listlessly at her sides. . . . Suddenly, she realised it was still raining, coming down in sheets on the pavements, lashing into her eyes and mouth, and that again she'd been a fool and forgotten an umbrella.

J. B.

BY STAN TERRY

THE WORM TURNS

FILM NOTES

GARBO, GILBERT AND GREEN HATS

By
LADY ELEANOR SMITH

"A Woman of Affairs"

IN reviewing a film co-starring Greta Garbo and John Gilbert the critic is placed in rather an ambiguous position owing to the fact that probably no one will bother to read what he has written about the aforesaid film. The magic glamour of the names Garbo and Gilbert are quite enough in themselves to drive perspiring, battling crowds about six times daily to the Empire Theatre, and for once the name of Michael Arlen means little more than that of Ike Rosenbaum, "electrical supervisor," or any other of those mysterious henchmen whose names flicker for one brief moment on the screen as part of the vast machine necessary to create a super-film.

PERHAPS it is as well, for Mr. Arlen's sake, that he should for once step aside and make way for Mdlle. Garbo and Monsieur Gilbert. It is quite useless to deny that the "Green Hat" has been terribly butchered to make a vamp's screen holiday, and the grim forms of many American censors can be imagined brooding, scissors in hand, over this story of the "gallant lady" with a passion for getting into trouble and a mania for Hispano-Suiza motor cars of the most expensive description. The famous suicide "for purity" becomes a typical film mess of forged cheques, and even the husband's athletic leap from the hotel window is undertaken, we are told, solely from motives "of decency." This is all very well, but it is not quite what Mr. Arlen

Two scenes from the American film, "King-of the Khyber Rifles," which tells a wildly improbable story of the North-West Frontier Above, Myrna Loy is seen as an alluring Eastern syren, and below, Victor McLaglen, as the dashing and misunderstood hero, is clasping the hand of the impetuous subaltern who dared to doubt his courage when the "dear old regiment" was ordered to the front

THE BRITISH ARMY THROUGH HOLLYWOOD EYES

meant, and even his stern old father, representative of ten proud generations, becomes, as played by Hobart Bosworth, so like an American millionaire straight from Wall Street that we are only thankful that this film, which has just finished a pre-release run at the Empire, is not a talking one.

S

"King—of the Khyber Rifles," at the New Gallery

THIS amazing hotch-potch of a film opens with some excellent scenes in the officers' mess. It is the eve of war, and Captain King, one of the most popular men in the regiment, is branded as a coward because he suddenly announces to his comrades that he has succeeded in obtaining an exchange to India. Do not, however, imagine for a moment that the gallant King is in reality a shirker; he has actually received orders to report himself for secret service in Peshawar, the idea being, I know not why, that he may avert a Holy War between the natives.

S

OFF goes the Captain to Peshawar, where he encounters a beautiful white goddess of the Rider Haggard type, who rules despotically over a rebellious and superstitious tribe. This lady falls immediately for King, and tells him so in very plain terms, whereupon the gentleman rebuffs her advances in what I thought to be a singularly ill-mannered fashion.

S

As far as I can remember, the girl then does a few steps of the stomach-dance, whereupon British troops attack her tribe, with the result that she is killed by machine-guns, and the callous Captain King, returning to his contrite regiment, is awarded a D.S.O. and promoted to the rank of major. It is all incredibly foolish. Victor McLaglen, in the leading *rôle*, produces an excellent voice, but it seemed rather odd to hear magnificent-looking Pathans discourse in the accents of the Bowery. And now I would like to know whether Scottish officers really sing "Annie Laurie" and "Old Lang Syne" in the mess after dinner.

S

"Innocents of Paris," at the Plaza

MAURICE CHEVALIER comes to the talking screen with a personality which one spectator at least found more attractive than that of Al Jolson. Chevalier's great charm is his infectious gaiety, and the fact that he never once descends into sentimental bathos made him seem almost too good to be true. He sings some new songs and some old favourites, and his voice records with a pleasing clearness, which, in view of the fact that he is speaking a foreign tongue, is quite remarkable.

S

THE story of his first American film is weak and silly. A rag-and-bone man adopts a small boy and falls in love with the child's aunt, the young and pretty daughter of the proprietor of a rifle gallery. Then the hawker becomes a music-hall star, and, his head slightly turned by success, neglects his humble sweetheart for those more glamorous females usually to be found hanging about music-halls.

OF course, it all ends happily, if absurdly, and the picture is an enormous personal triumph for the star. I wish, however, that Famous-Players had selected for him a story less obvious in its banality and a leading lady less prone to giggle and smirk in what appeared to be a perpetual agony of coyness. Never mind; we want more of M. Chevalier in the talkie business.

E. S.

Maurice Chevalier, the famous French stage star, in a scene with Sylvia Beecher in "Innocents of Paris" This is his first all-talking picture

Frank Davis

Mary Haddon, who will appear in the forthcoming production of "Auld Lang Syne." Sir Harry Lauder will be the bright particular star of this Welsh-Pearson film

PARIS GOSSIP

TROUSERS & TROTTOIRS

By SYLVIA LYON

Illustrated by NORMAN KAY

PARIS isn't exactly dead, nor is it somnolent. The people who remain in town are planning new plays or creating new clothes. One notices things essentially Parisian that one has not time to notice during the winter or spring seasons. For instance, the immediate outskirts of Paris, Billancourt, Levallois, Asnières, are where, lining the curving Seine, one sees automobile, airplane and motor boat factories. And, nestling among them, one sweet, sweet anachronism after another: perfume *fabriques*.

But, taking the train out of town the other day, I noted with alarm that the back fence of one cosmetic laboratory has for neighbour a *ham* factory. I had the most disagreeable idea that what is left over from the hams is thrown over that fence, in friendly fashion, to the people who make cold cream. Perhaps they make a game out of it, a sort of beauty and food football game, like the teams that are to be organised between Wall Street and the Stock Exchange.

TWO one-hundredth anniversaries were not exactly celebrated, but at least were mentioned, in Paris recently. One was the hundredth anniversary of the introduction of red trousers into the French Army, and the other the centenary of sidewalks, *trottoirs*, in the French capital.

THE Cercle de l'Union Artistique, whose terrace looks upon the Place de la Concorde, is shortly moving on. Once called "L'Epatant," this club, the most *chic* in Paris after the Jockey and the Cercle de l'Union, will move farther up the Avenue Gabriel to take possession of the La Tremoille house, and the old club will be torn down to make room for the construction of the new American Embassy. Still farther uptown, at the corner of the Avenue Gabriel and the rue de l'Elysées, is the Sporting Club de France, which is famous for gambling and the noise the members make in the swimming-pool so that readers in the nearby American Library nearly go crazy. Tristan Bernard appeared at the club the other day, evidently jealous of his confrère, Edouard Bourdet, the author of "La Prisonnière" and "Vient de Paraître," who has quite a yacht. Bernard, author of "Triplepatte"—known to English playgoers as "Toddles"—bore in his hand a yachting cap. "This," he said proudly, "represents my card winnings of last night. And the price of the yacht," he continued, "I might have bought is the equivalent of my losses."

"Readers in the nearby American library nearly go crazy"

A FOREIGNER who stays in Paris must apply for a *carte d'identité* before he is in residence three months. I have been in Paris three years without one, and suddenly decided that was a trifle careless of me. I went to the American Embassy for help. "If you go to jail," I was gently told, "we will get you out. But unless you do go to jail we can't do a thing about your *carte d'identité*. You should be ashamed of yourself." Right after lunch, that is, after a hiatus caused by the lunch I couldn't eat, I was so terrified I went down to the Préfecture de Police.

At first I considered asking to be directed to the bureau of Monsieur Chiappe, the Préfet, and saying, "I want to interview you for THE BYSTANDER." And when I had the interview I would blandly state, "I have been fooling you all the time. All I really wanted was to ask you to make it simple for me to get a *carte d'identité* I should have had three years ago."

However, I didn't have the nerve. A new section for English and North Americans appealing for cards has been organised or agonised. Feeling like a crook, I first had my *certificat*

Continued on page 421)

Sasha

MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN

Who plays the only woman's part in "The Tiger in Men," the drama with a jungle setting which is now at the Adelphi. This is the first play she has been seen in since she and her husband, Mr Anthony Prince returned from their colonial tour. She is seen here at her delightful summer home on the river at Goring

PARIS GOSSIP (*continued from page* 419)

de domicile legalised, my heart flopping while an official flipped a lot of old cards and evidently found that some Lyon or other, he didn't seem to care who, had a card six years ago.

Still shaking, I went to another bureau. The woman in charge looked through my old and recently renewed passports and said, "WHAT! have you been here three YEARS?"

"Yes," I admitted, smiling innocently, expecting to be deported and wondering if they'd send me in the sailing-manner to which I have been accustomed.

"Two hundred francs, please," was all she said.

"Come back in two months and get your permanent card. This is a temporary one."

Never in my life was I so relieved. But I must not forget to tell you this: on my old passport I was down as an artist, on the new as a journalist. "What are you really?" this angel who sits at a desk asked me.

"Oh, I'm a little bit of everything," I said modestly." Perhaps on my next passport I will be down as a tap-dancer or a harpist."

"You'd better leave it as an *artiste-peintre*," she said, "as that saves complications."

So I would advise any of my readers who think of staying in Paris for a while to say they are artists. You see, the French just love artists and like to have them around. They also take it for granted that an artist can't make any money, so need not pay taxes. But be sure you say *artiste-peintre*, not *artiste*. *Artiste* means a great actor or great actress, and the officials would expect you to send them theatre tickets for the rest of your life.

How girls do grow up! Rosie Dolly's husband, Mortimer Davis, bought her a pearl necklace for fifty-six thousand pounds, signing a series of notes for the amount, in anticipation of his inheritance. Well, the pearls have not been paid for, and have been legally sequestrated. But why I mention the growing up of girls who are pearlily inclined is this: About thirty years ago a showgirl in the Ziegfeld Follies had about her neck a lovely rope of pearls, given to her by her boy-friend, a millionaire publisher. One night during the performance, an old eye-witness told me, the strand broke, the pearls scattering about the wings. "Oh, my," cried the girl, "there go my beads!" I mean that nowadays no girl would . . . . Oh! you get me, don't you?

How strange life is! Paragraph-before-last I said that artists are less frowned upon in France than journalists. In the interim I have just read that six thousand members of the Société des Gens de Lettres six months ago appealed, in a petition to the Government, for the recall from exile of Léon Daudet, Royalist novelist, essayist and journalist. Roland Dorgelès, in an open letter to *Candide* agrees that Daudet is kept out of France "solely because he writes . . . . if Daudet had been a painter, sculptor or musician an amnesty would have been granted long ago . . . . It is inadmissible that Paris be infested with forgers, counterfeiters, hotel 'rats,' 'coco' venders who are either kept out or let out of jail, while the law cannot lessen its rigours except to increase the misery of a celebrated writer whose only crime was to accuse a taxi chauffeur of murdering his son." The trouble is that Daudet is—although I am sure the murder of his son filled him with a destructive rancour bordering on insanity—and always has been, an anti-Semitic and anti-everything-else-ass. They should let him come back to France, where he cannot do nearly as much harm writing in the *Action Française* as the Communists who go howling around the Chamber of Deputies.

Oh, by the way, the Moulin Rouge will end its career as a music-hall on September 1. It has gone movie. The black "Blackbirds" show will fly down the hill and up the Champs-Elysées to the Ambassadeurs.

S. L.

"An artist can't make any money"

THE COMMENTS OF CHLOE

CAMELS AND TRAINS

Illustrated by KIPPA

CAN you ride a bicycle? This is not a riddle but a simple question. Well, the other day I had to go to the station to change a book. Of course, I don't know why one invests in library subscriptions, for they are the greatest curse ever. The unchanged books lie on your conscience like a lump of lead, and you feel that the lending library is making a profit out of you, and *that* feeling is sufficient to spur *me* to the effort of trailing to the station on the hottest or wettest day. Anyhow, I determined to make the effort, but obviously one cannot walk two miles along the high road at three o'clock on a hot summer day, and as the Hillman Straight Eight is still being doctored and the "Baby" was employed in "going to the butcher," an errand on which she seems to be constantly engaged, I was compelled to borrow a bicycle.

OF course I can cycle. I can't remember learning, but I suppose I did once upon a time. Anyhow, it is not an occupation in which I indulge for amusement, and I don't believe I have been on one since I went for a ride with a German Oberleutenant three years ago, and that wasn't a party of pleasure. This bicycle looked as though it were a poor stray, unwanted bicycle, and I felt sorry for it. I spoke to the parlourmaid rather severely on the subject as she wheeled it out.

"DON'T you care for your bicycle?" I asked her. She had the decency to blush and to mumble something about having "been going to give it a brush up." At any rate, I hoped I had spoken just that little word in season which often does so much good. So I started off, carrying my book, but I soon found that you can't carry a book on the handle-bar and direct a savage bicycle. Well, I got off and bound the book on the carrier with string and then I tried to get on, but I couldn't find a bank. I have never been able to leap on to a bicycle; I must either pull it towards me and hike myself on, or descend into the seat from a height. So presently a young man came along and he helped me on and said, "Ups a daisy," and really I didn't know what to answer to that so I went off in a hurry and we came to a steep hill down which we flew at the most awful speed, and then I put on the brake, at which the bicycle bucked violently and deposited me on the road. So I think I shall stick to my feet in future, as this is the second time that I have been kicked off a bicycle and I find it is both undignified and alarming. I am told that if you ride a new-fashioned bicycle which has all sorts of gadgets it is as different as a baggage camel is to a trotting mehari, but then, personally, I am just as unhappy on the latter animal as I am on the former, so probably it would be the same with a bicycle.

"The bicycle bucked violently"

I REMEMBER once having a milk-white mehari put at my disposal by a certain Maharajah who had heard my bitter complaints about the camel which I had bestridden the day before. If you think that this is going to be a romantic story you will be disappointed, because the Maharajah was extremely fat and unpleasant, and the only nice things about him were his pearls, and, contrary to what happens in most desert stories, he did not offer me a string of pearls in exchange for my honour, or, of course, I might have said "Yes" at once, because lovely pearls would still be a joy and the envy of your friends when you were seventy, while nobody is going to take any interest in your honour, or the want of it, at that age. Well, you can take my word for it, for I have known a good many sheikhs and what-nots of that description, they like their pearls and emeralds a great deal more than anything you can offer them, so don't embark for India or Algiers with any false ideas.

"It gurgled and wrinkled its nose at me"

WHERE was I? I fear I shall never be what is known as a "stylist" as I am too fond of digressions. Well, I was given this milk-white mehari, which was a sort of family pet and provided the milk for the early morning tea, by the taste of it. (I mean the taste of the tea.) I saw no difference between it and any other camel. It gurgled and wrinkled its nose at me when I got on and swore and tried to bite. So we started off, and my boy-friend of the moment accompanied me on a pony and it was all very nice until I began to feel sick and I tried to make the d——d camel stop, but she was too highly bred to understand ordinary camelese and she continued to do her trotting stunt, and so I was sick, and if you think that any self-respecting girl likes to be sick in front of a young man, off a racing, milk-white mehari, you can have no sense of humour. So when we got home that evening I told the Maharajah what I thought of his "Moti," which means "pearl," and is the name of every other pony and elephant and camel in India, and he explained to me that this particular "Moti" was "with child," which in his eyes appeared to make up for any eccentricities in which she might wish to indulge. I forgot to watch the Birth Columns of *The Times* to see the glad event chronicled, for I am sure that the Maharajah considered it quite important enough when she did produce her offspring to broadcast the news. She was in the camel Debrett and the Prophet had ridden her ancestors, just as all the really first-class Arabs are descended from two mares owned by Mohammed. We imagine that we think a lot of our pedigree stock, but I can assure you that it is nothing compared with the semi-sacred ponies and camels and Salukis that you get in the East. So far as a means of travel, I bar both bicycles and camels, and I simply don't believe the female explorers who tell us how they sit and watch the sun go down swaying to the soothing motion of a racing camel. Besides, half the ordinary camels have mange, and the sacred ones are too jolly independent to my way of thinking.

PERSONALLY I adore going to strange places, but I hate *travel*. To hear people talk you might think that there is some subtle pleasure in boarding one of those disgusting "Mit - Ropa" trains, which tear about Europe and the Balkans, with conductors dressed in chocolate uniforms awaiting tips. You are dirty the whole time, because it is more degrading to wash in one of those awful little washing - places than to accumulate grime, and if you are going to Constantinople or Sofia, or any of those towns, the water and the food generally give out before you reach your destination.

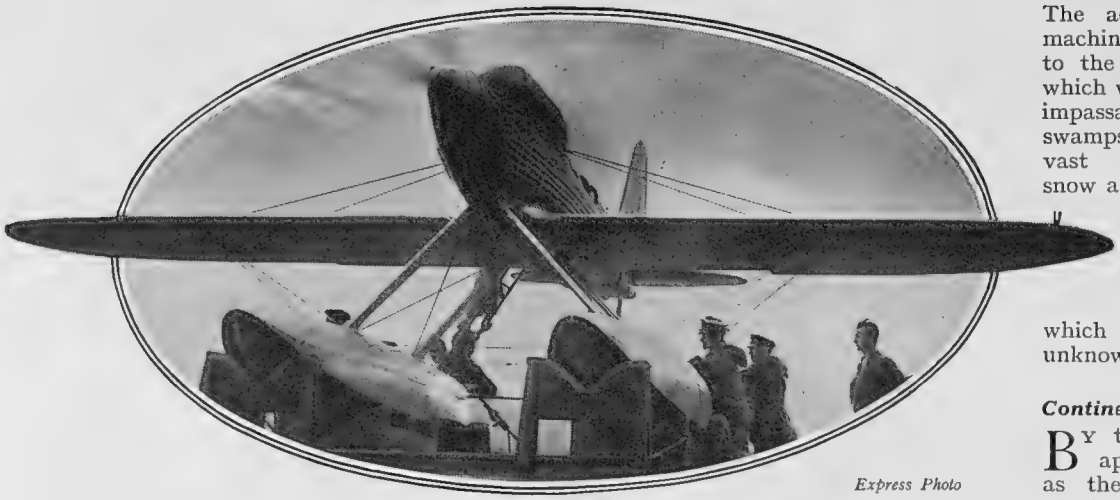
TO my mind, the most exciting way of getting anywhere is by dog-team; at least it is the most interesting, although if you imagine that you lie back luxuriously in a sledge full of furs, yelling "Mush!" you will be disappointed, because you are either laboriously breaking trail for the dogs, in front, or else running behind. And if, in addition, you get a touch of *mal de raquettes*, in other words, snow-shoe cramp, you will wish that you were back in a "Mit-Ropa" train, however stuffy and dull.

TALKING of travel makes me think of the Duchess of Bedford. Of course, she is marvellous and I do admire her, but it is terrible to think of the pace these elderly women are setting. Nowadays, you are hardly considered to be old enough to do exciting things until you are well over fifty. At fifty-five you gird up your loins and get into your stride. You long for the Great Open Spaces, for the Free Winds of Heaven, and, what's more, you see that you get 'em.

Chloe

"A touch of 'mal de raquettes'"

FLYING NOTES



Express Photo

One of the new Supermarine Rolls-Royce monoplanes which will be used in the Schneider Cup contest next month being inspected at Calshot before a trial trip. It is said to be capable of a speed equal to six miles a minute

AIRCRAFT versus SEA CRAFT

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

Ocean Record and Air Liners

At a time when the Atlantic crossing by sea is attracting so much attention because the Bremen has lowered the Mauretania's record after 22 years, it is interesting to note that the actual sea crossing by the Graf Zeppelin occupied a little more than half the time taken by the liner. This in itself is not good enough if the airship is to compete for passengers with the ocean liner—bearing in mind, of course, that the air fare for some years will remain at least four times as much as that by sea. The Atlantic Airship Service remains to be proved as a regular affair. The first few years of operation must be considered as experimental, with mail as the principal cargo. An ocean service by flying-boat is still farther from practical realisation, in spite of the idea that artificial islands acting as refuelling stations and repair depots will one day be moored "across the pond" at intervals. Competition in speed has already commenced between different air lines working easy routes like London-Paris, and the time will come when rivalry on international air routes will be as keen as it is on the ocean to-day.

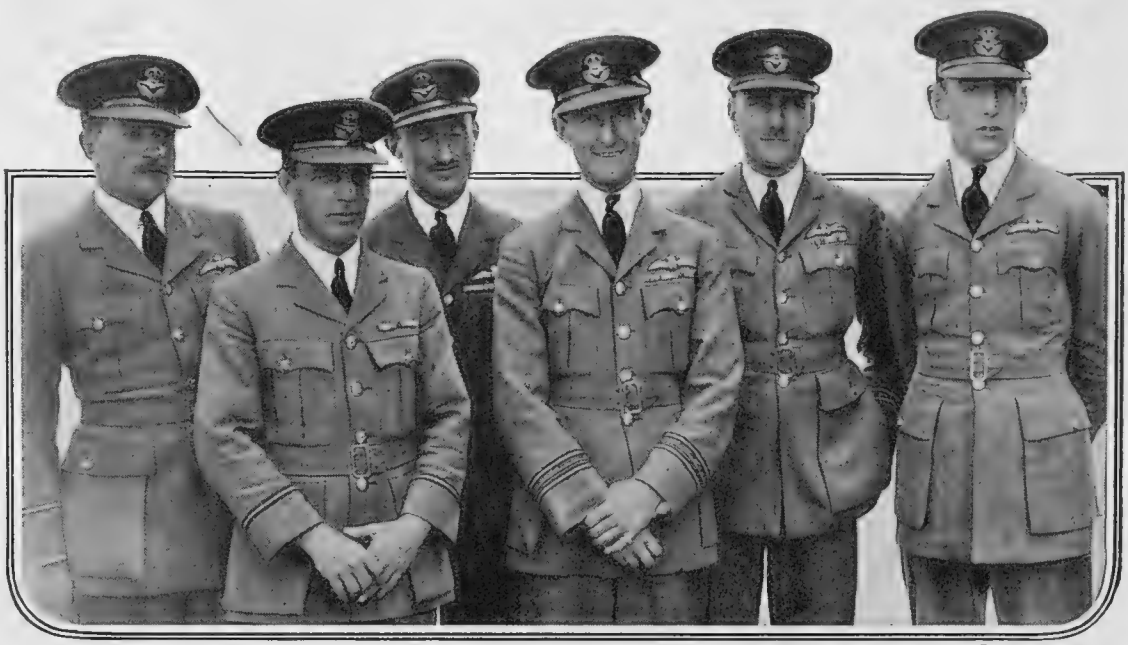
Scouting for Whales by Moth

The watcher in the crow's-nest of a whaler shouting, "There she blows!" has given up his place to a seaplane pilot, who will signal by wireless, and keep the ship continually in touch with its quarry. Mr. Lief Lier, a distinguished Norwegian pilot, who assisted in the search for General Nobile, is joining the whaling motor-ship Kosmos with a Gipsy Moth seaplane. The method of operation will be to lower the machine into the water from a derrick, the retrieving process at the end of the flight being the reverse. The machine will also act as the eyes of the fleet when working through ice fields by spotting the passage of least resistance. The British Antarctic Expedition sailing under Sir Douglas Mawson in the Discovery has a Gipsy Moth for observation and photographic work over the ice.

The advent of the flying machine has thrown open to the explorer many fields which were previously almost impassable. Deserts, swamps, dense forests, and vast areas of perpetual snow and ice have been provided with an Open Sesame which may not be the key to great wealth, but at least solves the mystery which always surrounds the unknown.

Continental Air News

By the time these Notes appear what is known as the Orly Meeting, one of the most exacting aerial competitions for light aircraft, will have been decided. After preliminary tests, including one for dismantling engines, in which Captain Broad and Miss Spooner were first and second respectively, the pilots started on a circuit of Europe, which included stops at 23 cities, *via* Marseilles and Venice, as far East as Bucharest, and then to Vienna and Prague, east again to Warsaw, and back to Paris *via* Berlin, Amsterdam and Brussels. Mr. John Carberry was the only other British pilot in the race. Lady Bailey flew round the course, possibly to get experience for next year. An advantage that an air race of this kind enjoys over a road race for cars is that its course can be varied from year to year. Private owners should note the French have created an air police force, with orders to send a shot across the bows of any aircraft suspected of evading Customs, entering by the wrong door, or flying over a prohibited area, of which there are many.



Central Press

The R.A.F. officers who will defend the Schneider Cup Trophy for Great Britain. They are Flying Officer H. R. D. Waghorn (left), Flying Officer T. H. Moon, Flight-Lieutenant d'Arcy Grieg, Squadron-Leader A. H. Orlebar, Flight-Lieutenant G. H. Stainforth, and Flying Officer R. L. R. Atcherley

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

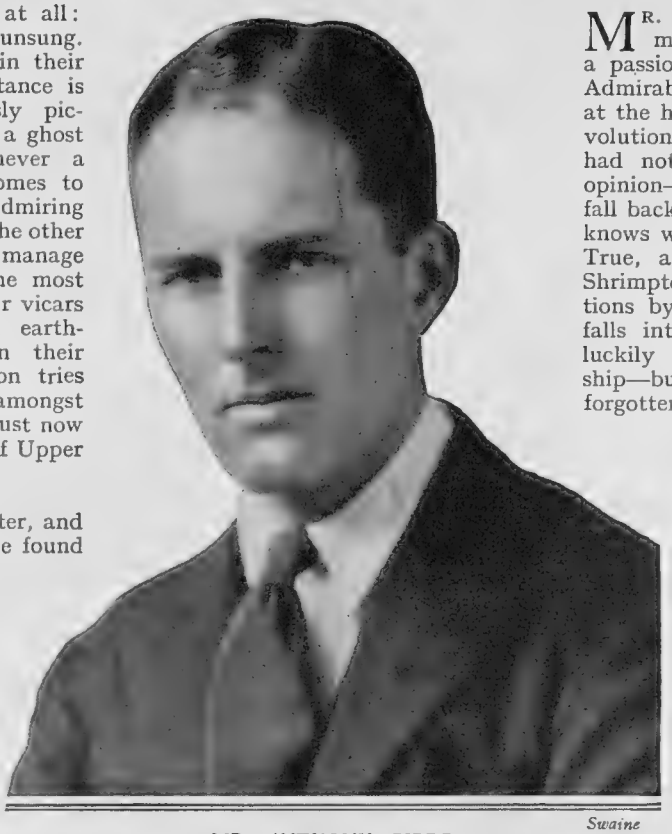
A VILLAGE RUNS AMOK

By RALPH STRAUS

SOME villages have no luck at all: they remain unknown and unsung. Nothing seems to happen in their midst. Nobody of any importance is ever born in their doubtlessly picturesque cottages; nobody sees a ghost in their churchyards; and never a decently mysterious murder comes to advertise their existence to an admiring and slightly envious world. On the other hand, there are villages which manage to engineer themselves into the most extraordinary adventures. Their vicars do something unusual, or an earthquake playfully knocks down their parish-hall, or a wandering lion tries to eat their best cows. And amongst these more fortunate hamlets must now be included the fishing village of Upper Shrimpton, in Essex.

❋

ITS historian is Mr. Owen Rutter, and its astounding career is to be found in his new novel, *Lucky Star* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), which, to my mind, at any rate, is a truly joyous affair. Some people, I know, are not particularly attracted by the fantastic, but even they will find it difficult not to be highly diverted by the singular catastrophe which suddenly overwhelms Upper Shrimpton. A careless star, it seems, travelling at the quite respectable speed of several million miles a second, neatly slices off this particular village from the rest of the globe and promptly sends it whirling away into space. A little unusual, I admit, but pleasantly exhilarating.



Swaine

MR. ANTHONY GIBBS

Whose latest novel, "Young Apollo," was recently published by Hutchinson Mr. Straus reviews this book in his article this week

IN consequence a new planet is born and duly named Shrimpton-in-Space. It is not a large planet, and the village (population 1,000) is its only land; but although the gas has been cut off and the railway line leads to nowhere at all, food and fuel, if short, still remain. Not even the smallest planet, however, can exist without a Government, and a Government is forthwith "elected," with the philatelic Lord Bravington, luckily in residence in his ancestral towers at the time of the catastrophe, as its first President.

❋

AND this admirable Tory, helped by his indomitable wife, works exceedingly hard for the good of the community. He forms his Cabinet, he issues his admirably democratic proclamations, and, in spite of a distinctly inconvenient six-hour day, all seems to be well. Unfortunately it is one thing to order a thousand villagers to pool their food and fuel for the common good, and quite another to allow your ancestral oaks and splendidly run poultry farm to be used for a similar purpose. An Opposition arises, and in its trail comes trouble of a kind with which even larger planets are not unfamiliar.

MR. HAROLD DRAKE, once the postmaster of Upper Shrimpton, with a passion for geography, emulates the Admirable Crichton, and finds himself at the head of a more than pinkish revolution. And if the powers that be had not decided—very wisely in my opinion—that the new planet had better fall back on to the earth, goodness only knows what might not have happened. True, a little mistake is made, and Shrimpton misses its original foundations by a hundred miles or more—it falls into the North Channel, and is luckily "discovered" by a British ship—but all political differences are forgotten in the joy of being brought "home" again.

❋

TOO early-Wellsian, you think? Too utterly fantastic? I do not think so. It seems to me that Mr. Rutter, with material which Jules Verne was the first to use, has written a really good and original satire. He pokes wicked fun at the peculiarities of our civilisation, and he makes things seem real. Moreover, in Mr. Drake he has created a moving little figure, and he tells Miss Drake's romance in a quite charming manner. A joke, of course, but a joke with a serious idea in the background. For myself, I enjoyed every word of it, and was sorry when the last page was reached.

❋

TALKING of civilisation brings me to another good novel of a rather different kind. For some reason I missed Miss E. Arnot Robertson's first novel, *Cullum*, a fact which, after reading its successor, *Three Came Unarmed* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.*), becomes a matter for regret. Here, indeed, is most excellent work—a really good story, some pungent satire, and admirable writing. The three who come unarmed into the midst of our British respectability are two brothers and a sister who have been brought up in a Borneo jungle. They know nothing of our little politenesses, and not very much of our morals. They are simple, logical, handsome young "savages." What, then, you wonder, will happen to them when they are made to put on "decent" clothes, expected to use money and eat their food, not when they are hungry but when it is "ready," and meet "really civilised" folk?

❋

MISS ROBERTSON, of course, is not the first writer to attack this delicate problem. A Martian has often strayed to earth—in novels—and been amused or saddened or shocked at our way of living. To outsiders, indeed, we may easily appear as odd as they seem to us. The three Bruce children from Borneo take a little while to accustom themselves to our ways, and they do succeed in a measure of acclimatisation. But their lot is not easy. Respectability

Lenare

MISS INEZ HOLDEN

Whose novel, "Sweet Charlatan," (Duckworth), was well received when it appeared She is at present working on a new novel

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

has always frowned on the minorities. The eldest boy is killed in a North Country strike—nobody strikes in the jungle; the second boy goes to prison—higher finance is useless when death lurks round the corner; and the girl is unlucky in her romance with the very difficult Dr. Eves.

THEY fail for want of that invisible armour which we luckier folk don at an early age. Yet the novel is very far from being depressing. It is shrewd and witty and unusually entertaining—a book to be read slowly, so that none of its delicious satire shall be lost. I place it very high indeed.

ON the other hand, I find Mr. Anthony Gibbs's new novel, *Young Apollo* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), vaguely disappointing. It is such an inconclusive story. Life, you may argue, is an inconclusive medley, but that is not to say that a novel should be without form. It does not seem to me that Mr. Gibbs ever felt *impelled* to write this particular book. True, "Horners"—the rich young man who leaves Oxford to become a shop walker in his father's mammoth store—is quite good enough to have a whole novel to his diverting self, but the romance of his penniless friend Allan Shepherd has been told too often before.

ALLAN, you see, is a bit of a poet, with a habit of falling asleep at inconvenient moments, and an outlook that is almost "refayned." He is not a success at journalism, and not quite a success as a husband. He does have a novel accepted, but on the last page his wife dies—an unpleasant ending—and I was left wondering why. Readable stuff, but nothing more.

MISS E. ARNOT ROBERTSON

Her new novel, "Three Came Unarmed," has been published by Jonathan Cape, Ltd.

MR. BRIAN FLYNN must be tired of being reminded that he was the author of *The Billiard Room Mystery*, but to my mind that "thriller" remains so exceedingly vivid that I am forced to judge all its successors by the highest possible standard. The latest case upon which Mr. Antony Bathurst has been engaged is *The Five Red Fingers* (Long: 7*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Maitland, a South African millionaire, hoped to win the Derby with his horse Red Ringan, but he was murdered before that animal came first past the post. Curiously enough, the second horse belonged to his wife, and a rival trainer had drawn the disqualified horse in the Calcutta Sweep.

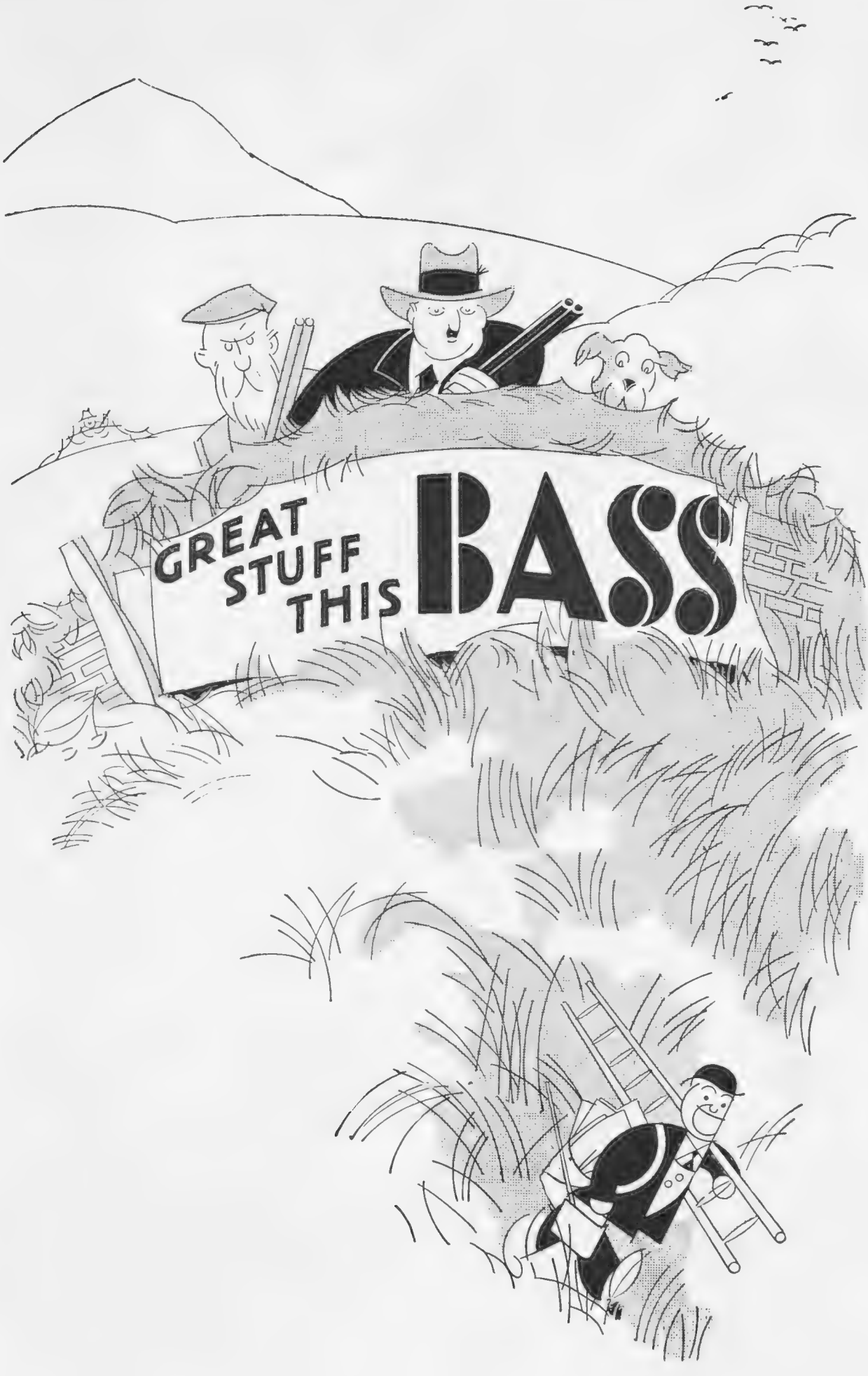
CERTAINLY puzzling. And Mr. Bathurst's investigations have the true Sherlockian touch. For myself, I had no idea how Mr. Maitland had come to his end, until I was told—which is undoubtedly what Mr. Flynn intended to happen. There is no absolute *crash* of surprise in this story, but it is undeniably exciting and mysterious and by no means disappointing at the end.

R. S.

The picturesque days of plot and intrigue stretching from the French Revolution to the Bourbon Restoration have an attraction that is hard to resist. Count Real was a central figure on this changing stage, and his *Indiscretions of a Prefect of Police*, translated from the French by Arthur L. Hayward, should prove interesting. To be published by Cassells on August 22.

Eccles

The "Eccles" 9ft. 6in. de Luxe Model Caravan seen outside one of the oldest farms in the country, will sleep three, is very completely furnished and fitted, and costs £225. It can be pulled by a 12 h.p. car and obviates the least necessity of having to rough things. An Eccles Caravan, a photograph of one of which appeared in our issue of July 31, was presented to the Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell, at the recent Jamboree


GREAT STUFF THIS BASS

MOTOR NOTES

W. J. Brunell

A Crossley 15·7 h.p. six-cylinder fabric saloon. It is seen outside a famous old Surrey hostelry—the Bell Inn, at Oxted

MAKING THE MILES FLY BY

By E. M. WRIGHT

MOTORISTS who go to the North of Scotland or other far corners of the country for the shooting or a late tour always lament the dullness of pure mileage eating between lanes of telegraph poles on the main roads on the way there. Two or three of the brighter spirits have ways of meeting the situation. One man, after taking a picnic lunch on the roadside on his first day, lies in wait for any other car of similar performance that seems to be going in the same direction, and takes station behind it. Soon, perhaps, the other car party notices it, they have a dust up or two, stop for tea together to compare notes, and my friend's purpose is achieved. He has a companion car for the rest of the journey.

***

THE objection to this, of course, is that not every motorist likes being waylaid in this fashion! Another man, of less forward disposition, hopes that at one of the hotel halts *en route* he will get in touch with someone going the same way. Too often his hopes come to nothing, for there is no one less communicative than an Englishman in an hotel, unless it be the same person in a railway carriage; and the fact that he is on holiday seems to make no difference. A third solution favoured by another man, who travels North regularly at least twice a year, is to advertise in the personal column of a London daily — a drastic step, but one that might have interesting results.

***

CURIOUSLY enough, he gets few replies: I suspect because the wording is not very clear and most readers think there is a catch somewhere; that the advertiser is looking for a lift and perhaps a loan. Then he has to indicate that the car he is looking for should be of a similar type to his own—and people have curious ideas as to performance. This man owns a Bentley, which he made known in his advertisement the other day. One of the most promising inquirers who responded omitted to refer to the car he owned—and it turned out to be a diminutive De Dion of genuine pre-war vintage!

***

NOTHING passes the time better than to fall in with people of the same disposition in a suitable car; but failing that there are other ways of making the miles slide away without tedium. One is to carry out some tests of the accuracy of the speedometer at various speeds, using the second hand of one's watch against the milestones. Keeping the speedometer needle at 40 m.p.h. on the dial a mile should take two minutes. If it takes two minutes and ten seconds—the usual error in the case of one popular make of speedometer—that represents a speed of 27.7 m.p.h., so that the speedometer is optimistic to the extent of 2.3 m.p.h. when it is showing 30. At 40 m.p.h. a mile should take 90 seconds, and so on.

***

THE amount of error will usually be about the same at each reading. It does not always vary in proportion. Without a stop watch, of course, it is impossible to get anything like accuracy, but a very fair degree of accuracy can be reached by taking the average of several readings. This pastime—I am speaking, of course, of a car with at least one passenger—takes quite a considerable time, and it is wonderful how the miles slip away. It is worth while making some use of the work. The figures should be recorded, and a table or chart drawn up in a neat form, inked in and fixed to the dashboard.

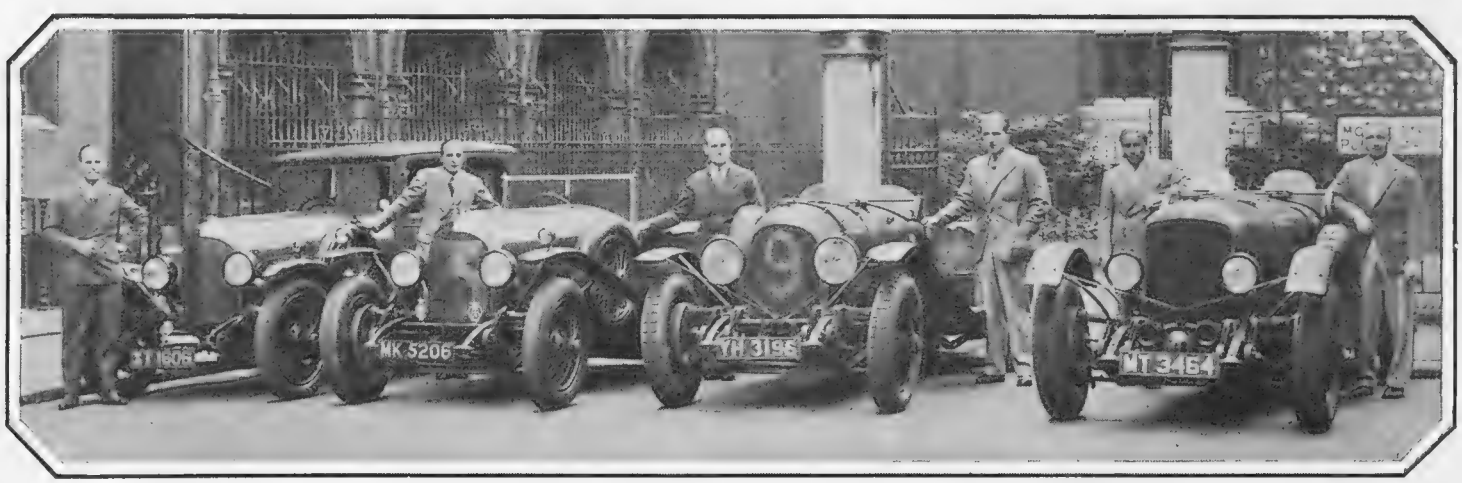
***

ANOTHER and more absorbing pastime on a long run is to try keeping to an average or schedule—a deadly sin when one is touring for pleasure in beautiful surroundings, but excusable when the only object is to cover the distance to a certain destination. This game can be quite entertaining, especially if you vary the schedule according to the number and size of the towns passed through and the density of traffic expected. Try, for instance, setting yourself an average of 35 on a stretch of wide road and open country with few towns or villages. Reduce speed to a definite figure, say 20 m.p.h., through towns, and record the mileage over which it has been so reduced. Then you will find what truly colossal speeds have to be maintained for the rest of the distance in open country to achieve an overall average even as modest as 35 m.p.h.

***

YOU will amass a set of figures that will stand you in good stead on winter evenings round the Club bar or fireside. When

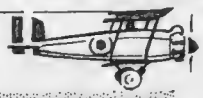
(*Continued on page 430*)



Autocar

The Bentley cars which were successful in the Grand Prix d'Endurance at Le Mans in 1924, 1927, 1928 and 1929 respectively, together with their drivers The names are Mr. Clement (left), Mr Davis, Dr Benjafield, Mr. Reuben, Capt. Barnato and Mr. Birkin

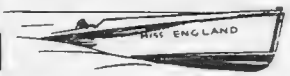
SPEED!



IN THE AIR

ON LAND

AND OVER SEA



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MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 428)

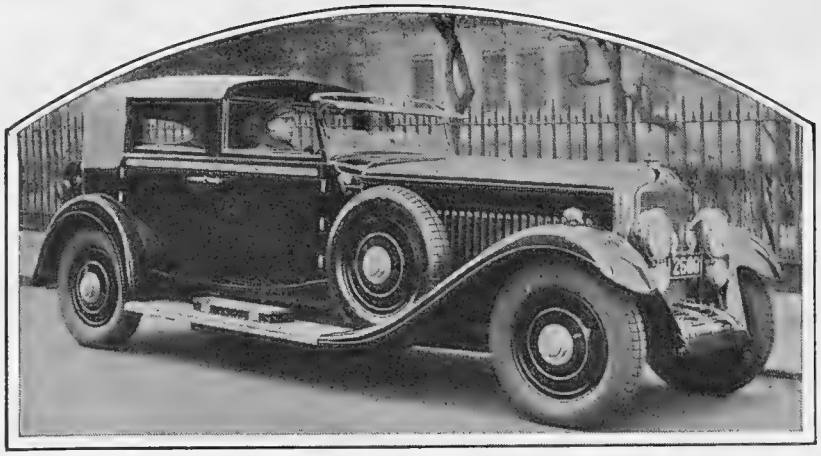
those lads of the village who tell us how they averaged 48 m.p.h. for seventy miles in their Morris-Cowley the other day—"and that was through three towns and umpteen villages, old man!"—you will be able to show that their old bus must be really worth entering in the T.T. to judge by the maximum speeds it must have attained.

* * *

I OFTEN receive complaints from disgruntled readers about the difficulty of obtaining spares and service for certain makes of British car. Usually these complaints take the form of comparisons with the service obtained from foreign makes that they have known, greatly to the detriment of the British car concerned. They usually end up, "This will be my last British car."

* * *

IT is perfectly true that some British cars are bad in this respect. But it is claimed that fortune favours the brave, and that a guardian angel of providence has a specially soft spot for fools. By some miracle these firms do survive; hence the yearly tide of letters from indignant customers. But in case it is of any comfort to them, let me point out that for every one Britisher at whose door one can lay this complaint, there are at least three foreign concerns, and that to be held up by the slackness of a British firm is nothing to being in the clutches of, say, an American importer of mushroom reputation.



A 32/34 h.p. six-cylinder Minerva Limousine de Ville. The coachwork is by Carrosserie Van den Plas

* * *

THE truth is that those who compare British and foreign service are usually comparing the worst examples of British firms with the best of the latter. There are some makers of American cars that are well established in this country, and can offer the best possible service—though not a whit better than that obtained from British concerns of similar standing. Because you happen to have a British car, and have difficulty in getting spares or attention, it does not prove that the same applies to all British cars; that were arguing from the particular to the general. Rather let the lesson you learn from your sad experience with this car be, not to avoid all cars of that nationality next time, but to make more careful inquiries from existing owners of the car you propose to buy. I do not think that anyone can seriously say that any of our great national makes with five-figure outputs are slack in the matter of service and spares.

E. M. W.

THIS WEEK'S HINT, No. 18: WHEN TO GIVE WAY

I can best illustrate this hint by supposing that there are three cars, A, B and C, on a road comfortably wide enough to take three abreast. Car B is following Car A and about to overtake it, while Car C is coming up in the opposite direction. Nine times out of ten B has to slow down and wait, simply because neither A nor C will draw over fully to his side of the road. Car C—the one coming in the opposite direction—is usually the worst offender in this respect, and it is to drivers of Car C that this hint is addressed. Draw over and let the other man see that you are giving him room to overtake. You can see his intention a long way ahead; you have plenty of time, and the road is wide enough. If only our C Cars would pay more attention to this little courtesy driving on crowded roads would be infinitely safer and less nerve-racking

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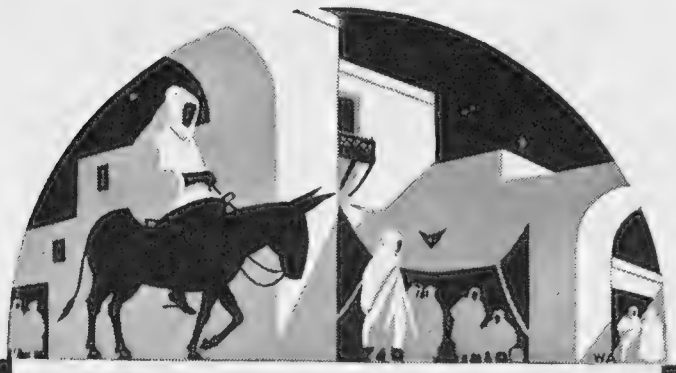

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DOGS

HOW TO CHOOSE A PUPPY

By "THE KENNELMAN"

A Buckinghamshire reader winds up a kindly letter with this criticism: "But there is one important matter in which I don't think you give your readers the help I am sure they would appreciate. At one time or another, either for ourselves or as presents—it's rather a jolly form of wedding present, by the way—we most of us want to buy a really good puppy. A little expert guidance as to how to choose the best from a given litter would be invaluable."

Well, there are more than eighty separate breeds of Dogs, and the differences between them are so radical that the points most desired in one variety are anathema in another. In one, the chosen pup should show massive bone and promise of bigness, a peaked occiput and very long fore-face; in another breed the points to look for are extreme smallness, a perfectly flat skull, and the shortest imaginable face. So a volume would be needed for detail as to puppy-choosing in all breeds; and some of the best Dog books do contain this.

True, there are general principles, application of which makes for success in the choice of a pup of any breed. Foremost is the axiom that physique, constitution, freedom from all indications of delicacy, are more important than anything else. The pedigree (which can and should be examined at leisure before ever the pups are seen) itself affords some guarantee of the level of points and type to be expected, but none of health, regarding which only close inspection of the pups themselves will serve your turn. The important first step is close and patient observation of all the pups together in the nest, to be followed by examination and handling of the preferred individuals. It's important to watch them *together*, because in their play and manœuvring for attention they will show you which are the natural leaders and bosses among them at this elementary stage; and these invariably prove the hardiest and most robust.

Topical Press

Miss J. Fawcus with her Borzoi Lone, which won three first prizes for the dog with the largest tail, the biggest dog and the thinnest dog respectively, at the Novelty Show at Embleton. She herself carried off first prize for the prettiest exhibitor

In the matter of physical superiority, look carefully at eyes, gums, teeth, tongue, etc., and demand *brightness* from each. The skin should be loose, easily rolled under the hand, a very easy fit for the body. Mischievousness, aggressiveness, even greediness, are notable assets in the nursling, for they indicate a robust constitution, and will soon enough tone down into sedate good manners with growth and sound rearing. The diffident young pup, apologetic to his fellows and inclined to show a preference for his own society is worth giving a miss. If littleness, "miniatureness," pertains to your favoured breed, look (and feel) for small bone, a safer guide than overall dimensions. Such points as length or shortness of face, shape of skull, length of limb, and the like, are important puppy points, because likely to persist through life, and not so subject to modification as colour, coat, tail and ear carriage, etc.

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SPORTS CHAT

By "FIELD GLASS"

Our Chances in America

THE English team goes to the United States very shortly to try and win the International Polo at Meadowbrook.

The exact composition of the team is not yet quite certain, but one or two players are sure to be included.

Captains Roark and Tremayne are certainties, but there seems to be some doubt about P. K. Wise, rumour having it that he does not see eye-to-eye with the powers that be. He is a powerful hitter and one of the strongest men for his size in England.

IT is to be sincerely hoped that he makes the journey, as it would be very difficult to replace him.

Lord Wodehouse has gone out of training, and he himself says that his international career is over. He has done great service for England, and will be much missed.

Captain Phipps-Hornby will probably play Number One. He is one of the finest horsemen in England.

HE is sure to be well mounted, as Max Benson has some wonderful ponies. He has got twenty-four already, and is weeding them out carefully. It is rumoured that he may get some of the fine ponies of the late Argentine team. Tommy Hitchcock will be the captain of the enemy, and will, I expect, play Number Three. With Harriman as Number One, and W. S. C. Guest, the son of Freddy Guest, back, Hitchcock is, in my opinion, the finest player in the world, and Harriman the hardest hitter. To sum up, the English team is a very fine one, and I do not doubt its ability to win.

Topical Press

Captain Phipps-Hornby, who is playing Number One for England in America, with Mr. A. Grigor at the Rugby Polo Week. The latter's El Gordo team has enjoyed a wonderfully successful season

Mundo

AT THE DOGS

Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley (left), who organised greyhound racing in England and built and operated the first race-track in Great Britain, chatting with Lord Chesterfield and Lord Loch. The latter, who is Chairman of the Greyhound Racing Association, is a keen all-round sportsman

Society goes to the Dogs

MOST people thought at the inception of greyhound racing that it would be a short-lived craze, but sport is growing instead of dying, as the huge regular nightly attendances at the White City and Harringay show.

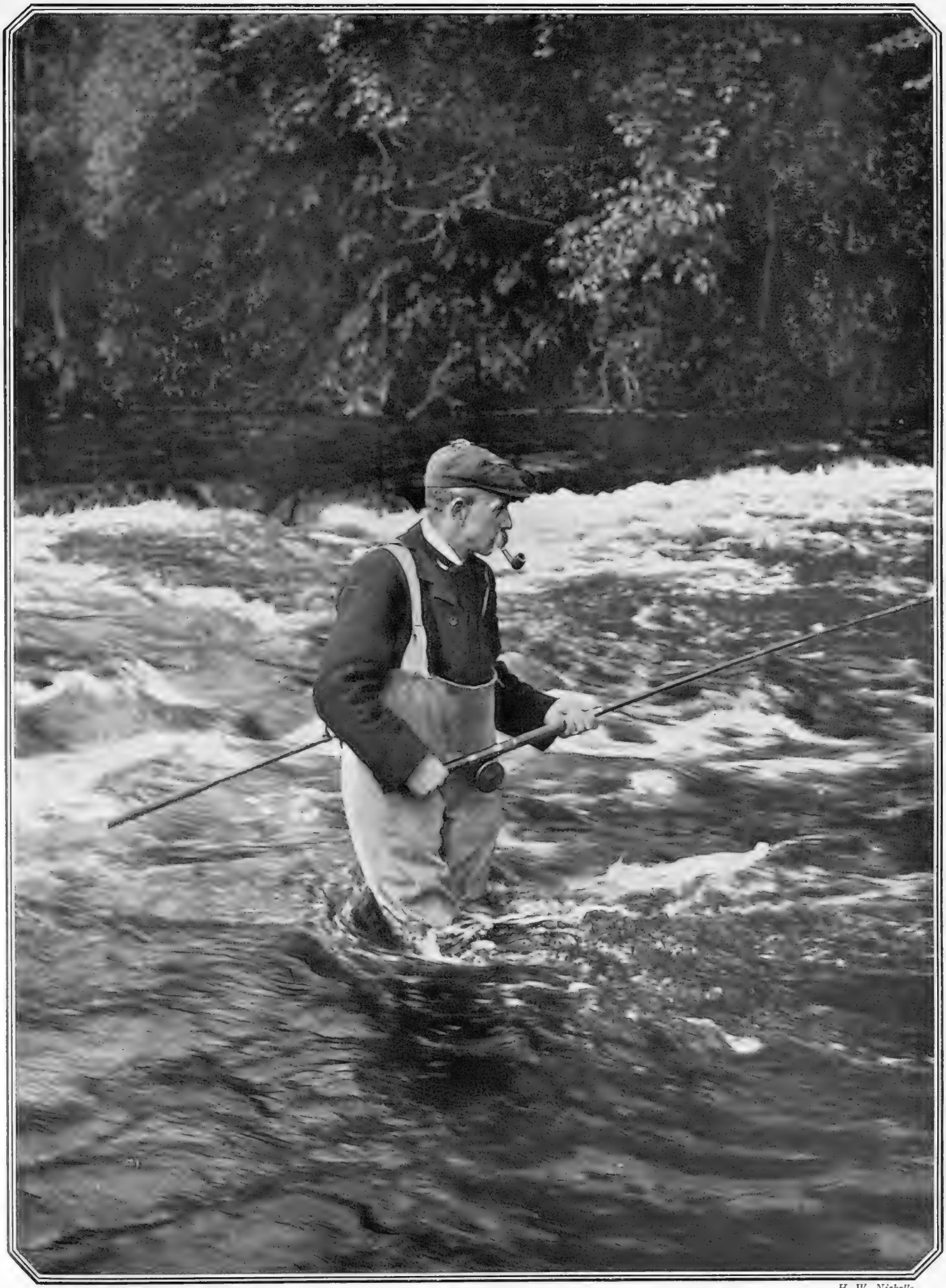
The leading light in greyhound racing is General Critchley, who achieved fame as the youngest general in the British Army, and who is a hearty and very popular Canadian.

The chairman of the G.R.A. is Lord Loch, who is a great sportsman and traveller, and whose cheerful personality has done a great deal for the sport.

Many well-known people own dogs, and Society women are very much in evidence at the tracks, Lady Portal, Lady Chesham and Mrs. Dudley Coats being three of the best-known followers of the sport.

It is amazing what large prizes are to be found at this sport, the recently run Derby having been worth a thousand pounds.

Whatever may be said, this sport has certainly come to stay, and those who have not seen it before must certainly go to the White City one evening to enjoy the thrill of Greycing.



H. W. Nicholls

WHERE THE SALMON LURKS

An ardent angler fishing the waters of the Doon Valley, where many fine salmon are to be found

H. W. Nicholls

THE SHRIMPER

FASHION'S FANCIES

LEADERS OF THE REVOLUTION IN RAINCOATS

As the popularity of motoring has increased, so has the standard of motoring clothes improved. The Delatex coat on the left is of beige and brown checked velvet, and, although ultra-smart, it will withstand the heaviest rain. The tweed model is treated by a new process which makes it weatherproof. Some of these coats have fur collars, and there are also leather ones trimmed with tweed

LA MODE IN MODERATE MOOD

Exquisitely worked squirrel skins are used for this slender coat from Bertram Gilbert. The luxurious collar is of grey fox

Growing Importance of Afternoon Frocks

THE first autumn "Showings," like those of the early Spring, are largely experimental. For every model that survives the criticism and the prejudices of those who are called in to pass judgment, dozens are discarded, either to reappear later in a modified form or to vanish for ever. While individuality is the keynote of the new fashions, and an amazing degree of personal preference is encouraged, the best models have ruthlessly forsworn any hint of exaggeration, except, perhaps, in the matter of sleeves, where the imagination is allowed to run riot. Skirts are quite definitely a little longer, even allowing for the fact that the higher waists would make them appear so in any case. In the evening they may be quite long, or they may be uneven, but sudden dips have yielded to graceful curves. Afternoon frocks, with tight hip yokes and shaped frills set in midway between them and the knee, are important. They may be of printed or plain velvet, satin or moiré, and over them are worn long or three-quarter length coats of velvet trimmed with fur.

Slenderising Fur Wraps

THE art of the furrier is now allied with that of the dress designer, with the result that familiar pelts are continually being worked in new and interesting ways, and the bulkiness that used to be associated with fur coats is now a thing of the past. Illustrated at the head of this page is a lovely squirrel wrap which was sketched at Bertram Gilbert's, 511, Oxford Street. The vertical working of the skins adds to the apparent height and slenderness of the wearer, while the shape of the melon cuffs is emphasised by horizontal bands. The lining is of grey *crêpe de Chine*, with motifs of *appliquéd* velvet flowers embroidered in silk. With a sumptuous fox collar this coat costs 60 gns., but it may be obtained in all-squirrel. Four-skin light sable marmot stoles have been reduced to 5½ gns., while two-skin stone marten ties are obtainable from 5 gns.

For the New Term

AUGUST is always a busy month for mothers, for, in addition to having the children at home during the holidays, their wardrobe has to be reconditioned for the autumn and the coming winter before they return to school. At Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street and Regent Street, there is everything required by boys at the Preparatory and Public Schools, and in the girls' section it is the same. They are making a specialité of ready-to-wear riding habits. Their regulation school coats, plainly tailored in Napp cloth, and lined throughout, are well known, and are available from 65*s*. Delightful velveteen dresses, smocked at the waist, and with lingerie collars, cost only 32*s*. 6*d*. for the small size, while fine stockinette frocks with matching knickers, suitable for girls of from eight to twelve years of age, are priced at 2 gns. All-wool Molleton dressing-gowns for 35*s*. 6*d*., and pure Scotch wool combinations from 13*s*. are useful possessions. A fully illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent post free on request.

A Fascinating Fabric

WITH the coming of cooler days the question of warmer slumber wear, the linings of coats, and the choice of smart shirts to go with tweed suits, becomes of paramount importance. Colour plays an important part in all fashion notes this season. It must be pure and vivid if a plain material is used, or it may be cleverly combined in smart striped designs. "Luvisca" is a rayon fabric which is particularly well suited to modern requirements. It is beautifully soft and lustrous, is endowed with excellent draping qualities, and is made in a wonderful range of hues, both plain and striped. Furthermore, it washes admirably, and is obtainable practically everywhere. It is an ideal medium for pyjamas, and would look well in either of the two attractive designs sketched at the foot of this page, while its possibilities for dresses, children's garments, and men's shirts should not be overlooked.

Colour plays an important part in the creation of the newest pyjamas. These are made of Luvisca, with striped designs and plain hues effectively blended

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

Film

the cause of cloudy teeth

IF your teeth are dingy and "off-colour" they are coated with a film. Feel for it with your tongue.

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Perhaps unattractive teeth have cost you too much in society and business. Do not delay another day in testing this method —Pepsodent. Get a tube to-day.

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C.F.H. 345

THE GOURMET : : Conducted by EMILIA

Crab and Lettuce Salad

Divide the leaves of two lettuces into small pieces and mix with it the meat from a crab, shredded finely. Cut a hard-boiled egg into slices, remove the yolk, and mix the latter with some vinaigrette dressing. Season the salad with salt and pepper, and mix carefully with the vinaigrette, arrange it neatly in a salad bowl. Garnish with rings of hard-boiled white of egg, springle with chopped parsley and chives, and serve. Vinaigrette sauce is composed of two parts of salad-oil, one of vinegar, salt and pepper to taste, a few chopped capers, gherkins, shallot or chives, fresh tarragon and parsley, all finely chopped.

Braised Fillet of Beef with Spaghetti

Take about 3 lb. of the undercut of sirloin of beef, lard it with fat bacon, and tie it up with string. Put a slice of bacon into a casserole, on this place the fillet, larded side uppermost, surround it with two carrots and an onion cut small, a bunch of sweet herbs, and some parsley; add whole pepper, salt, and two or three cloves. Moisten with a little good stock and some tomato sauce. When the meat is done, strain off the sauce and skim off all fat. Dress some boiled spaghetti with this sauce, adding grated cheese and a good piece of butter, garnish the beef with it and serve hot.

Luncheon

Crab and Lettuce Salad.

Braised Fillet of Beef with Spaghetti

or

Salmis of Grouse.

Peas. Potatoes à la Crème.

Raspberry Shortcake.

Cheese Soufflés.

Coffee.

Salmis of Grouse

Roast a grouse for about ten minutes, then cut into joints. Pound the liver smoothly, cut 2 oz. of cooked ham into dice, chop one small onion, and tie up a bunch of herbs together. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan, and put in the onion, three cloves, a few peppercorns, the chopped ham and the herbs; fry all these a pale brown, and when nearly dark enough add 1 oz. of flour, and brown as well. Put in the joints of grouse, liver, a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, two teaspoonfuls of red currant jelly, a small glass of claret and ½ oz. of glaze. Cover the pan, and simmer gently for about forty minutes. Place in an entrée dish, strain the sauce over, garnish with croûtons of fried bread, and serve with French beans à la Parisienne.

Raspberry Shortcake

Make a cake mixture with the weight of three eggs in flour, sugar and butter; bake in shallow round tins and leave till cold. Mash some ripe raspberries with sugar, sprinkle with liqueur, spread a layer of these on one of the cakes and cover lightly with thickly whipped cream, place another cake over the raspberries, sandwich fashion, repeat the fruit and cream, add another cake, and let the top cake be covered with the raspberries and cream.

Cheese Soufflés

Melt 1 oz. of butter in a saucepan, stir in ¾ oz. of flour, and stir; then add half a gill of milk; stir until boiling, then add 2 oz. of grated Parmesan cheese, the yolks of two eggs, and season to taste. Whisk the whites of the two eggs to a stiff froth, and stir in lightly. Pour into small china or paper soufflé cases (previously buttered) and bake at once in a hot oven for about twenty minutes.

Liverish People Need Vichy-Célestins

IN the famous Vichy-Célestins *Natural* Mineral Water, Nature supplies just those salts and other mineral elements which repel liverish tendencies.

Vichy-Célestins is a natural orderly which helps the liver to function normally. Its gentle stimulating effect is welcomed in all cases of sluggishness. It clears the blood-stream from all impurities.

Vichy-Célestins is very pleasant to the taste, and may be taken at meals either alone or mixed with light wines or spirits.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The French Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*

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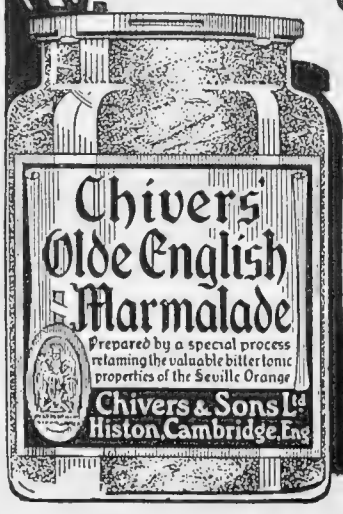

The Morning Tonic!

CHIVERS & SONS LTD
HISTON CAMBRIDGE

1 lb JARS 8d
2 lb JARS 1/3
EXCEPT IN IRISH FREE STATE

113

COME TO THE RHINE-
THE HIGHWAY OF EUROPE-

AND TO THE BAVARIAN AND THE SWISS ALPS!

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THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men and women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength, and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks), sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from—
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World's Largest Collection.
Catalogue Free.
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STAMPS.

FINE SELECTION of the RARE STAMPS of all countries sent on approval, at 9d. in the 1s. discount off catalogue prices.—G. E. WAITT, "The Outspan," Whitstable, Kent.

REAL HARRIS AND LEWIS HOMESPUNS
The aristocrat of all sports wear—direct from makers. Patterns free. Cut lengths by post. Carr. Paid. James St. Tweed Depot, 72, Stornoway, Scotland.

COGNAC FROMY

HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER
MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

When replying to advertisements, please mention "THE BYSTANDER" *to ensure prompt attention.*

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

PUBLICITY A LA MODE

Clacton-on-Sea has equipped the Morris half-ton van seen above with broadcasting apparatus to enable the claims of this popular resort to be made known to the country generally. An interesting talk on the attractions of Clacton is varied with musical programmes

THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Cargo of Words

A distinctly new note in holiday resort advertising has been struck by the Clacton Development Association, a live organisation in the town, which is officially backed by the Urban District Council, in its endeavour to bring the merits of Clacton-on-Sea to the notice of potential holiday makers throughout the length and breadth of the land. They have acquired a Morris half-ton van, which they have painted in bright colours representing the sun shining on the sea front, emblazoned with the slogan "Spend your Holiday at Clacton-on-Sea." This van has made an extensive tour through the Midlands and East Anglia and is now touring the suburbs of London. It begins its activities with an excellent musical programme followed by a short talk on the merits of sunny Clacton as a holiday resort. The Clacton Development Association declare that the vehicle has given excellent results, inquiries for the Official Clacton-on-Sea Guide and list of accommodation pouring in immediately following a visit of the van to a district. It is interesting to note that the Secretary of the Association, Mr. F. W. Davies, is accompanying the van on a lecture tour in person, and is determined that a very large number of people in the British Isles shall have first-hand information concerning this popular East Coast holiday resort.

Six Months' Joy

When Mr. Edward Gray, F.R.G.S., F.R.C.I., F.A.G.S., of Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2, conceived the idea, after the War, of organising an annual social world tour he initiated a step which has appealed to a large section of people and created a desire to see something of the world beyond the Continent. Mr. Edward Gray has been travelling most of his life, and the world tour which he has organised to leave on November 15 next displays the art of a master man in so far as the countries selected to be visited cannot fail to achieve the object in view. Those accompanying Mr. Gray will visit many interesting parts of the globe, including some of our colonies, and the places to be visited will include Gibraltar, Marseilles, Port Said, Aden, and Bombay. Australia and New Zealand will also be visited, as will the Fiji Islands, Honolulu, and the United States of America. He only takes a small party on these annual tours, and any lady or gentleman wishing a wider knowledge of the world, combined with pleasure, cannot do better than accompany Mr. Gray. He is known the world over, and anyone joining his party has a guide, philosopher and friend, for there is nothing of the conventional tourist-trip atmosphere about these parties which Mr. Gray conducts, and those who accompany him gain a real insight into the lives and customs of the peoples whose lands are visited. Full details, including a most interesting and copiously illustrated descriptive itinerary, may be obtained on application to him at Australia House, Strand, W.C.2.

Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset

The course of the Burnham and Berrow Golf Club is to be the scene of the next English (Close) Amateur Championship in April, 1930, and this fact lends added interest to the West of England Amateur Championship—an open meeting held each year at Burnham in September. The dates for this year's "West of England" are September 2 to 7. On the first day a match will be played between the club and a team of visitors. In the following week the autumn meeting of the club is held, and all events at this meeting are open to non-members. At full stretch the course constitutes a very fine test of golf, but much of the charm of these deservedly popular meetings arises from the fact that the club contrives to make all competitors feel really welcome. The secretary, Lt.-Col. W. F. R. Kyngdon, D.S.O., will be most happy to supply any information desired as to the programme of events, hotel accommodation, etc.

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.
HEAD OFFICES:
45, Dale Street, LIVERPOOL.
155, Leadenhall Street, LONDON, E.C.3.
PIONEERS OF MOTOR INSURANCE.
CHIEF ADMINISTRATION
7, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

the only Water Biscuit with the real nutty flavour

JACOB'S WATER BISCUITS
HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW 2/- TIN?
Also obtainable loose or in ½lb packets

FINE ART PHOTOGRAPHS
Photographic prints of Models of all ages for the use of Artists and Students. Catalogue gratis to applicants stating full particulars of Business or Profession and Age.
S. R. Leon Publishing Co., 6. Norton St., Liverpool.

TENNIS COURTS
Reliable & Economical

"DURA" Terra Cotta Tennis Courts, Grey Green Tennis Courts. Requiring minimum of upkeep in watering and rolling. Eight "Dura" Courts are being constructed at the "Lido," Venice.

"Soveran" Porous Hard Court. Permanent, Dustless, Faultless, Unaffected by climatic changes. Porous in all weathers. No expense in upkeep. The First Cost is the Last

MAXWELL M. HART
162 BUCHANAN ST., GLASGOW
39 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1
Specialists in the construction of Ornamental Gardens of Charm and Distinction.

Let the "Great Eight" Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin

AT the Paris Offices of "THE BYSTANDER," "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," and "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIIIe, and at 211, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.

For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 4, Place du Molard, Geneva.

"His favourite brand and mine!"

Player's Please

10 for 6D

20 for 11½D

Also 5 for 3D

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

"It's the Tobacco that Counts"

N.C.C. 667.

Mary, Queen of Scots

A Story of Scotch and Spanish

Scotch—aye, and proud of it! That was Mr. Glencannon, Chief Engineer of the "Inchcliffe Castle," whose business was in great waters, whose soul was in the engine room, and whose heart was given to a dog to tear.

Afloat or ashore, wherever Mr. Glencannon went, Mary—Mary, Queen of Scots—was sure to go.

The story of what befell the pair in Gibraltar when Scot met Scot and Spain trembled at the gathering of the clans, is a joyous affair of human adventure and doggy romance. Read this delightful story in the August number of BRITANNIA & EVE.

Fiction, fashion, better housekeeping, sport, motoring, the theatre—all are embraced in the most entertaining magazine on the bookstalls—

BRITANNIA and EVE

August Number — Now on Sale — One Shilling

Extract from Page 21.

Opening his eyes, Mr. Glencannon found that he was in his own room aboard the "Inchcliffe Castle," and that he was wearing the green velvet jacket of a Spanish matador. Painfully hoisting himself to a sitting posture, he saw Mary, Queen of Scots, upon the floor, contentedly chewing a bull's ear.

"Bless me, I remember noo!" he chuckled. "Daddy brought it hame to his lass as a souvenir of Spain."

Mary wagged her tail and continued chewing. "Weel," sighed Mr. Glencannon, lurching to his feet, "I wonder if we've coaled yet. Why, I do believe we're at sea!" He peered through the port at a blue expanse of Mediterranean across which trailed a long black smudge from the "Inchcliffe Castle's" funnel. He opened the port and gratefully gulped down the fresh, cool breeze. In the corner of his room were piled the five new cases of the Dew of Kirkintilloch, and, uncorking a bottle, he poured himself a brimming tumblerful.

"Thur's no cure for dog-bite like the hair of the dog that bit ye!" he remarked to Mary, tossing it off and smacking his lips. Then, donning his working clothes, he made his way to the engine room . . . .

British National Newspapers Limited

The Secret of Slenderness

"CORSLO SVELTE"

For Full Figures

The "Corslo Svelte" for full figures is the newest Corslo novelty. Our Corsetière has combined all the advantages of the other Corslo novelties in this most perfect garment, which can be especially made and fitted for even the fullest figures. The material is cleverly cut to mould the diaphragm, abdomen, and the bust into a perfect contour, and the long svelte lines over the hips give a very slimming effect. Boned to give the necessary support, and at the same time ensuring suppleness of movement.

THE "CORSLO SVELTE" in cotton tricot, all bones removable for washing; two pairs of suspenders. Measurements required: bust, hips and waist. In white and pink. SENT ON APPROVAL.

Reg. No. 737799.

PRICE

78/6

In Silk tricot, 7 Gns.

Debenham & Freebody

(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

Wigmore Street, (Cavendish Square), London, W.1.

Let the "GREAT EIGHT" Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the Paris Offices of "THE BYSTANDER," "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," and "BRITANNIA AND EVE," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

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Model C 139

Catalogue of Overcoats for every possible purpose, and patterns of materials, post free on mention of THE BYSTANDER.

Model B 632

BURBERRY OVERCOATS

are designed to provide protection and comfort in every kind of weather.

Made from materials woven from the finest wools, and proofed by Burberrys' special process, they supply double service—

Warmth-giving Overcoat

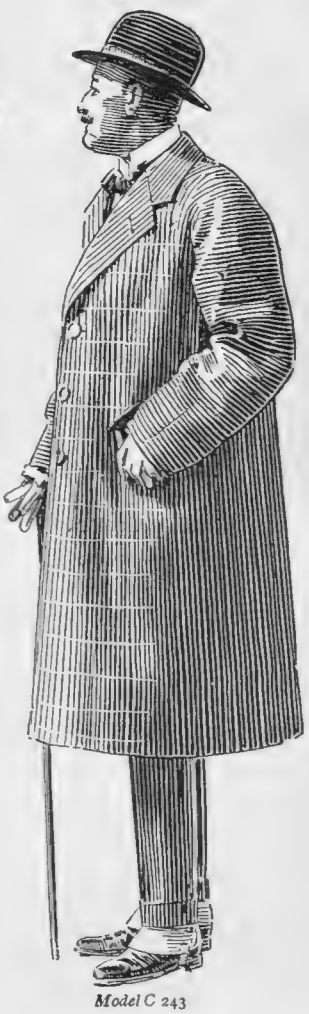
and

Reliable Weatherproof

in One Garment

They defy rain and exclude wind, yet, naturally ventilating and almost weightless, are the most comfortable Overcoats for warm days.

For whatever purpose an Overcoat is required, a 'Burberry' is unquestionably the Overcoat to choose. Whether considered for its design, material or workmanship, or for its staunch all-weathers service, it is a "gilt-edged investment" in that it pays big dividends in comfort and protection.



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COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) ('Phone Gerrard 7540.)
3 TIMES DAILY at 2.15—5.15—8.15.
GRAND INTERNATIONAL
VARIETY PROGRAMME.

PICCADILLY THEATRE
DAILY, 2.30; 8.30. Suns., 6; 8.30. Last week to
SEE and HEAR MONTE BLUE in
"FROM HEADQUARTERS" Warner Bros. VITAPHONE Talking Picture
Also "SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN."
All Seats Bookable *Regent 4506*

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THE LANGHAM HOTEL
PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON.
The most central position in London.

DROITWICH SPA
famous for its natural Brine Baths which will cure Rheumatism and allied ailments.
RAVEN HOTEL or PARK HOTEL
famous for their comfort and hospitable service to each and every one of their guests.
Adjoining Brine Baths. 230 rooms. Extensive grounds. Golf. Tennis.
Mixed Bathing. Lock-up Garages and cars for hire.
Illustrated Booklet on request. 'Phone: 50 or 38.

THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.
Spend a Sunny Holiday here—
facing the English Channel. A luxurious, thoroughly modernised hotel that is quiet and comfortable too. Superior cuisine. Vintage wines. Famous chef. Electric lift and fires. Delightful gardens. Historical surroundings. Inclusive terms from 4½ gns.

BIARRITZ. HOTEL REGINA & DU GOLF
THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OVERLOOKING GOLF AND SEA. DELIGHTFUL IN SPRING AND SUMMER.
M. CURVEUR, Manager.

On your way to the RIVIERA, break your journey at
SPLENDIDE HOTEL Marseilles
The rendezvous of the elite. Restaurant. Nearest to the Station in a quiet position.

Monte Carlo—THE MIRABEAU
Unrivalled situation facing Sea and Casino. Up to date. Open all year.
F. SCHIPPER, *Man. Prop.*

KNOCKE-ZOUTE. CLARIDGE'S HOTEL
Latest Hotel de Luxe. 100 Rooms. 50 Baths.
Near Golf and Tennis. On Front at Le Zoute.

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THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free.)
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.
The First Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, SOLELY devoted BOTH to TREATMENT AND RESEARCH.
AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR £150,000 for building extensions, the 1rst part of which will be wards for middle-income Patients who can contribute towards their cost
AND ALSO FOR RADIUM.
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Arles (B. du R.).—Grand Hotel du Nord-Pinus. Place du Forum. Remains of Roman Forum. First Class.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais. Highest class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine & cellar. Phone ev.rm.V.lge.garden.

Evian.—L'Ermitage.—High-cl. Res. Hotel. Air and Rest Cure. Special diets on demand. Same Management: BELLEVUE, at CANNES.

Le Touquet.—Golf Hotel. Facing the links. 200 Bedrooms. 100 Bathrooms. Private Tennis and Squash Rackets.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina. In pine forest nr. Casino and Tennis. 5 mins. from Golf and Sea. First-class hotel, reasonable terms.

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Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus. Open all year. Terms from Frs. 60. Rebuilt 1928, all comfort, 100 rooms, bath and phone. Close Casino. Sea.

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The Commodore. 12 Brd. Haussmann. A step from Opera. Bright and cheerful. 250 rms. 250 baths. Excellent Restaurant.

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Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Hotel St. Petersbourg.—33/35 Rue Caumartin. Brit. fam. hotel. Every mod. com. Same hotel: Hotel des Balances, Lucerne.

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Rapallo.—Excelsior & New Casino. Strictly. 1stClass Sit. in ideal spot on Riviera. Winter and Spring resort. Summer bathing season.

Rome.—Palace Hotel. Situated in the smart Ludovisi quarter, opposite the Queen-Mother's Palace. Luxury and comfort.

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FROCK
IN STOCKINETTE
SPECIALLY DESIGNED
FOR
LARGE FIGURES

Matron's stockinette frock (as sketch) designed exclusively for Marshall & Snelgrove for the short outsize figure. In black, navy, bottle, antelope, rust and grey.

Price 7½ Gns.

Same model in milanese, Price 8 Gns.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE-STREET-AND-OXFORD-STREET
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By Appointment. By Appointment.

Photo by Bertram Park.

THE "RONEIL."

Smart "Sports" folding Felt with all over stitching on crown and brim. All head sizes and the newest Autumn colourings. All head Price 30/-

Large size Head Fittings a speciality.

A selection of Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

No agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

ROBERT HEATH, Ltd.

ONLY ADDRESS: 37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1. Sloane 3122.

FACIAL MASSAGE

THE most simple—and at the same time effective—means to a perfect complexion is Facial Massage, and the greatest benefit is derived from the systems adopted by the Phyllis Earle Salons.

Not only does Phyllis Earle Massage restore and beautify the contours of the face, it also cleanses the pores, so preventing sallowness and disfigurements in the form of ugly little blackheads and roughness.

Facial Massage is the ideal treatment at this season of the year, for with a changeable climate such as we in England experience, it is almost a necessity to the preservation of beauty. Why not enjoy this wonderful method of keeping fresh and cool during the Summer season? Phyllis Earle Beauty Culturists will be glad to offer advice upon the most suitable form of treatment, without obligation.

PHYLLIS EARLE SALONS

32, DOVER STREET, W.1.

Telephone: — REGENT 7931.

BT 10

By Appointment.

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WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD.

175-176, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1
89-90, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.8

Established 1766.

BT 10

NEW SEASON'S "WALPOLE" FROCK

well tailored from a delightfully soft light-weight wool with smart novelty fleck. The inset vest of crêpe de Chine makes a charming finish to a very attractive and serviceable model.

In Oatmeal, Beige, Grey, Saxe, Almond 69/6

Post Free in British Isles.

Throughout August our remaining stock of Lingerie Frocks will be offered at End of Season Prices.

A visit to our showrooms now will enable you to secure many charming models suitable for warm climates at Real Bargain Prices.

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SUMMER PRICES

Definitely cease on September 7th.

If you have not yet purchased your Furs for the coming Winter, you will save some money by doing so at once, for the opportunity to secure Reliable Furs at Summer Prices will soon be gone, the sale ending on September 7th; until then prices have been further reduced and every article offered is a bargain.

Sale Catalogue Post Free.

Summer Bargains.

Moleskin Coats Fine quality selected skins, beautifully worked (*as illustrated*) 18 Gns.

Natural Musquash Coat for hardest wear, good colour, perfectly made, light. 29 Gns.

Stone Marten Ties selected first quality skins, double fur, very smart 8 Gns.

Silver Fox Stoles large well-marked skins, double fur, fashionable. 32 Gns

Furs Sent on Approval.

Call and inspect the wonderful Bargains offered. Visitors should note that we have no shop, but first floor Showrooms only.

THE FRASER FUR Co.

(JAS. FRASER & CO.)

237, REGENT STREET

LONDON W.1.

A Second from Oxford Circus *Corner of Princes Street*

Whatever you do this summer never neglect your complexion!

When you are out and about in the sun, wind and dust, or bathing in the sea, it is imperative that your skin should be protected against roughening, reddening, and coarsening, by the application of *Pond's Vanishing Cream* before you go out.

Besides giving adequate protection to the most delicate skin, this dainty cream gives the skin a beautiful bloom and forms a base for your powder.

Pond's Complete Method of Skin Care embraces the use also of *Pond's Cold Cream* for cleansing the skin, *Pond's Cleansing Tissues* for removing soiled cream after cleansing, and *Pond's Skin Freshener* as a mild astringent. The simplicity of the method will be seen from the brief outline at the side of the page.

Regularly followed, this treatment will keep your skin smooth and fine, and your complexion clear and colourful. If you have not yet tried these preparations, and would like to do so, send 1/- to Pond's Extract Co., (Dept. 580), 103 St. John St., London, E.C. 1, for a "four-sample" box post free.

POND'S

COLD CREAM. CLEANSING TISSUES.
SKIN FRESHENER. VANISHING CREAM.

OBTAINABLE FROM CHEMISTS, STORES, AND HIGH-CLASS HAIRDRESSERS.

1

POND'S COLD CREAM

Cleanse with *Pond's Cold Cream* every night before bed and as often as necessary during the day. It brings every vestige of impurity from the pores to the surface.

Pond's Cold Cream, Opal Jars 5/-, 2/6 and 1/3, Tubes 2/6, 1/- and 6d.

2

POND'S CLEANSING TISSUES

After about two minutes, wipe away the soiled cream with *Pond's Cleansing Tissues*—softer and more absorbent than towels—which are discarded after use.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues, per Box 2/-, 1/3 and 9d.

3

POND'S SKIN FRESHENER

Then tone up the skin and brace the pores with *Pond's Skin Freshener* on a pad of cotton-wool. This tonic is delightfully invigorating and just sufficiently astringent.

Pond's Skin Freshener, per Bottle 5/6, 3/- and 1/-

4

POND'S VANISHING CREAM

Finally a touch of *Pond's Vanishing Cream* to beautify the complexion and form a base for your powder, and your toilet is complete.

Pond's Vanishing Cream, Opal Jars 2/6 and 1/3, Tubes 1/- and 6d.

DON'T
Buy YOUR OWN Experience
BUY OURS!

The proverbial unreliability of the weather necessitates absolute reliability in your waterproof. Don't experiment. We have experimented for 80 years, and our store of experience and knowledge is at your service. Trust this label—it will not fail you. Our quality is maintained in all our goods—Mechanical, Sports, Surgical and Hospital, Waterproof, Oilskins and Leather.

Dealers of repute stock **Andersons' Waterproofs** but should you experience any difficulty please write to any of the following addresses:—

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Andersons' Rubber Co LTD

TWEED KNIT SPORTS SUITS FOR HOLIDAY WEAR

There is always a demand for attractive Sports Suits, and our tailoring of these garments has attained such perfection that they do not stretch or go out of shape. Practical in design and smart in appearance, they make a particularly attractive addition to a holiday outfit.

CARDIGAN SUIT in fine wool, knitted in tweed design with self colour border and cuffs. In heather mixture colourings.

PRICE **79/6**

SHETLAND SUIT with embroidery in wool. Price **29/6**

Sent on approval.

HOLIDAY LUGGAGE and PICNIC BASKETS

We have a large and interesting stock of HOLIDAY LUGGAGE AND PICNIC BASKETS AT OUR INNOVATION SHOW ROOMS, 70 and 71, Welbeck Street. In addition we specialise in Motor Trunks, which we can supply for any make of car.

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(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street (Cavendish Square) London W. 1

The PHIT-EESI BANTAM WEIGHT

Seems to become part of the foot, from the first moment's wear you are conscious only of a light "Shoeless" feeling.

This shoe gives an indefinable character to the man who wears it. Ideal for the Dinner, the Dance, the Theatre, Stage Wear and the Thé Dansant.

STOCKED IN BLACK BOX CALF, TAN WILLOW CALF, PATENT LEATHER.
In three qualities

21/- 25/- 32/6 Postage 6d. extra.

ABBOTT'S
44, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.
(Next to the Monico)
And on Sale at all Abbott's Shops.

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd.
of Knightsbridge. S.W.1. Tel.: Sloane 3440

SPECIALISTS IN THE SMARTEST KNITWEAR

Exclusive Stockinette Suit *designed specially for Harvey Nichols. Cardigan is smartly tailored with border in self material. Skirt has new stitched godet pleats, and has adaptable waist: tuck-in blouse can be worn if desired.*

PRICE
10
GNS.

WHY IS THIS WHISKY SO POPULAR ?

BECAUSE there is that subtle difference in its flavour and quality which distinguishes it from all other whiskies.

. . . . .

It has been said that there is no difference to-day between one well-known brand and another, but convincing proof to the contrary is to be found in "BLACK & WHITE."

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Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. August 21 1929.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.